

THE  
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

---

SEPTEMBER, 1860.

---

ART. I.—PAUL'S ARGUMENT FOR THE ABOLITION OF  
THE LAW.

1. *A Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians.* By MARTIN LUTHER. London. 1838.
2. *Kritisch Exegetisches Handbuch über den Brief an die Galater.* Von DR. HEINR. AUG. WILH. MEYER, Consistorialrath in Hannover. Dritte Verbesserte und Vermehrte Auflage. Göttingen. 1857.
3. *Kurze Erklärung des Briefes an die Galater, und des Briefes an die Thessaloniker.* Von DR. W. M. L. DEWETTE. 2<sup>te</sup> Verbesserte und Vermehrte Auflage. Leipzig. 1845.
4. *Biblical Commentary on the New Testament.* By DR. HERMANN OLSHAUSEN, Professor of Theology in the University of Erlangen. Translated from the German, &c., &c. New York: Sheldon and Company. 1860. (Exposition of the Epistle to the Galatians.)

MODERN criticism has settled, beyond a doubt, the fact and the nature of the schism which divided the Apostolic Church. This schism has been exaggerated, but it was real. The Pauline doctrine, of a universal religion, above the restraints of ceremonial law, above the need of positive law of any kind, and the Judaistic doctrine, which clung to the forms of the old religion, stood over against one another, in an opposition more or less abrupt. It is remarkable, that, while so much critical thought has been applied to the fact of this schism, so little has been expended on the dogmatical import of it. The great argument of Paul has been left en-

cumbered with the notions of mediæval theology. All the authorities placed at the head of this article, and many others, including even the intrepid Paulus, have mainly contented themselves with the conventional language of the traditions and the creeds. On the other hand, those who have freed themselves from these traditional encumbrances have handled the question too loosely. They have contented themselves, too much, with mere generalities. One party makes Paul talk too much like a modern Orthodox creed-maker; the other, too much like a modern Unitarian. What we need, for the right understanding of this matter, is to sink ourselves, so far as we can, into the thought of Paul. He was neither a German nor an American; he knew nothing of the points of Calvinism, and nothing of the Articles of the Church. But he was dealing with earnest questions, which racked the Church to its foundations. He was a Hebrew of the Hebrews. His thought is for all time, though many of his arguments and applications were for his own. We feel, therefore, that we shall do service by calling attention to the problem to which we have referred, even should our solution of it be less clear and convincing to other minds than to our own.

The Epistle to the Galatians contains the argument of Paul in its earnest, clearest, fullest, and most direct form. It is the only one of his Epistles that is wholly devoted to this question. We will, therefore, apply ourselves first to this, and then confirm our results by comparing them with expressions found in other Epistles.

The third chapter of the Galatians contains the grandest and most logical statement of the position of Paul. The three great points which Paul made in this chapter are,—first, that the promise was given to Abraham before the law was established; secondly, that the law, which came afterward, was as powerless to do away with the freedom of the gift, as it was to bring about its fruition; and thirdly, that the promise was fulfilled in Christ, who was an outlaw. “Christ hath redeemed us,” he says, “from the curse of the law, being made a curse [that is, accursed] for us; for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree: that the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ;



that we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith." Abraham, then, the receiver of the promise, and Christ, in whom it was fulfilled, stood both outside the law. The one preceded it; the other was made an outlaw by its own act. The promise, then, the free grace, projects beyond the law, in both directions. It encircles it. It draws a *cordon* of freedom about it, which it cannot pass. The Christian Church stretches back across it, and clasps hands with the Patriarchal Church, — Christ with Abraham. The narrowness of the intermediate priestly system is done away with. Christ is made a priest forever, after the order of Melchisedec.

This position needs to be examined more closely. In the second chapter, Paul gives the argument which he used with Peter. This is, in brief, the same which he is about to unfold at large to the Galatians. It is thus a kind of prelude to the fuller presentation of his thought, while it also completes it. Here he says (verses 19 and 20), "I, through the law, am dead to the law, that I might live unto God. I am crucified with Christ," &c. Meyer maintains, very conclusively, the logical connection of these propositions, a connection which gives to each of them its point and meaning. It was the law by which Christ was crucified. It was by participation in this crucifixion that Paul was freed from the law. Therefore, by the law, he was dead unto the law. While Meyer, however, keeps fast to the context in maintaining the connection of these propositions, which other critics have overlooked, he is less true to this principle in regard to the ground of the connection, making it ethical rather than legal, rather a death to sin than that death to the law which the context requires.

Elsewhere Paul speaks of himself as being crucified with Christ unto the world, in a very different sense from that in the passage before us. Suppose our life were bound up with that of some dear friend who is taken from us. We shun the gayeties of the world. People ask us, Why is this? why are you so changed? why do you no longer join us as before? We might answer, We once lived in the world, and for it, but with the death of our friend we died to the world, and the world to us. The spiritual life of Paul was bound up in that of Christ. His affections died to the world with Christ,

and rose with him to heaven. His life was hid with Christ in God. But such reasoning as this would not meet the case before us. Here was a positive enactment,—the Hebrew law. The question to Paul was, Why is it not binding on the Christians? Paul was a logician. However full of religious and poetic enthusiasm, his words do not lose their direct bearing upon the discussion.

The crucifixion with Christ, of which Paul here speaks, cannot be sentimental or ethical. It must be in some sense or other legal. Paul must mean that he bears the same relation to *the law*, which Christ was made to bear by his crucifixion. What this relation was he explains in that part of his full argument which corresponds to this point of the preliminary argument, and which has been already cited. Christ freed his followers from the law by bearing its curse, that is, its most extreme condemnation. This is the element in the death of Christ, which, according to Paul, has reference to the law. When Paul, therefore, says that he through the law is dead unto the law, and explains this by adding that he is crucified with Christ, he must mean that he shares with Christ the extreme condemnation of the law, which thus has no more power over him. To a banished man, the laws of his country are as nothing. An excommunicated man is free from the rules of the Church. The Church of Christ, sharing with its head the final curse of the law, is free from the restrictions of the law. Because it shares this curse with Christ, this exclusion becomes the entrance to a higher state of freedom and blessedness,—this legal death becomes a higher life than the old,—a life which is, “by the faith of the Son of God,” a life “unto God.”

We have seen in what sense Paul affirms that he was dead unto the law, by being crucified with Christ. We need next to inquire, how Paul could claim this for himself; by what right he could claim to share this legal condemnation, this legal death. His connection with it was twofold,—first, logical, and secondly, actual. Let us imagine the feeling of Paul when the law, its hands red with the blood of his Lord, came to him and demanded of him his submission. Would not his first feeling be that of horror? would he not exclaim, Thou

hast slain my Lord: what have I then further to do with thee, or thou with me? This feeling would have answered to the conscious relation of Paul to Christ. He and his fellow-disciples adopted as their own, to the very full, those principles and claims which were the grounds of the crucifixion of Christ. The anathema hurled upon him was, therefore, aimed equally at them all. And more than this, Paul clung not only to the principles of Christ, but to Christ himself. This accursed one was the centre and soul of his religious life, its very essence and being. He was his head, his all. If Christ is accursed, what is he then who still rests upon Christ, and trusts in him alone? He certainly shares the curse. Christ was the head, the heart, and the life of the Church. The Church itself was made accursed by his condemnation. This was the actual as well as the logical result. Everywhere the Church was regarded as accursed and outlawed. The Christians were thrust out of the synagogue, were put to death. The Church, then, is crucified with Christ; together they bear the curse of the law. The Church shares, logically and actually, his shame, his condemnation, his excommunication. But what then? This crucified Christ is its salvation and its glory. It intrusts everything to him; and he is able to bring salvation to all who put their trust in him. The Church can then mock at the condemnation which he shares with it. It brings only freedom. "Banished," cried the old Roman, —

"Banished, — I thank you for 't, it breaks my chain!  
I had some slight allegiance till this hour,  
But now, my sword's my own."

"I am crucified with Christ," cried Paul, with a loftier inspiration, — but one which had the same logical groundwork, — "nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life that I now live in the flesh, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me."

It now remains to compare what has been said with the expressions of Paul elsewhere, referring to the same subject. In the beginning of the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, we read, "Know ye not, brethren, how that the law



hath dominion over a man as long as he liveth? For the woman which hath an husband is bound by the law to her husband so long as he liveth; but if the husband be dead, she is loosed from the law of her husband. Wherefore, my brethren, ye also are become dead to the law by the body [that is, by the death] of Christ." Here, again, where the other leading commentators are vague, Meyer introduces the same explanatory word which we saw before, — ethically. It is easy to say legally, since this is all that is suggested by the context. Dead to the law means, simply, legally dead. Christ, so far as the mortal life was concerned, was made actually dead. By that act, ye, said the Apostle, became legally dead.

Turn next to the second chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians. Assuming the genuineness of that Epistle, Paul speaks of the Ephesians as having been strangers to the covenants of promise. He speaks to them of Christ. "He is our peace," he tells them, "who hath made both [Jew and Gentile] one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us; having abolished in his flesh [that is, by his death] the enmity [between Jew and Gentile], even the law of commandments contained in ordinances; for to make in himself of twain one new man, so making peace, and that he might reconcile both unto God in one body by the cross, having slain the enmity [between us] thereby." Here the death of Christ is made the instrument of reconciliation, not between man and God, but between Jew and Gentile; and it accomplishes this by doing away the restrictions of the law. Thus he says to the Galatians, I beseech you be as I am, for I am as ye are; that is, I, by being free of the law, have become like you, — there is no difference between us.

We will close these citations with a grand passage from the Epistle to the Hebrews, which, though not the work of Paul, would seem to have emanated from the Pauline school. This passage goes further than any other passage in the direction of which we have been speaking: — "We have an altar whereof they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle [that is, who worship in the temple according to the Jewish rites, or, in other words, who are still under the law]. For the bodies of



those beasts whose blood is brought into the sanctuary by the high-priest for sin, are burned without the camp. Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate. Let us go forth, therefore, unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach." Christ, condemned by the law, has become pollution to the Jew. He is thrust without the camp. Thither must we follow him, bearing his reproach. But he that is without the camp is not subject to the laws of the camp. This last point not only is the logical result of the passage, but is the object for which it is introduced. Just before, the writer has been warning the Hebrews against care in regard to meats that were legally impure. He tells them that Christianity itself, that Christ himself, is the greatest possible legal impurity. All the rites and ceremonials and abstinences which the law prescribes cannot free the Christian from this taint. Let us then, he would say, be content with our position. Let us turn our backs on the law, with its formalities, and go forth unto Christ without the camp. Here elements are brought together which elsewhere are kept more apart. Before, we saw that, on the one side, the Christian was freed from the law, by the fact that Christ was accursed by it, and, on the other side, by the fact of his crucifixion with Christ. We were forced, ourselves, to unite these two elements to explain one by the other. Here, the two are united for us. Christ was thrust out of the camp, and made pollution. The Christian follows him without the camp, bearing his reproach, and thus becomes free from the necessity of avoiding any other ceremonial impurity. The crucifixion with Christ, in the legal sense, is here found to be bearing his reproach.

The question arises, Does the action of the agents of the law free the Christian from the absolute claims of the law itself? So far as the law is regarded as a national institution, it does; for what the authorities of a country do, is the act of the government or law of the country. So far as the law was regarded as an eternal divine institution, it would not. But the law was not so regarded by Paul. This possible objection to his argument is met by his careful showing, from the law itself, that it was a temporary institution, designed to meet a

temporary end. Temporary or not, however, it was an institution established, as the Jews believed, by God, and embodied in many instrumentalities. It was a divine-human law, which the Jew, as a member of the theocracy and of the nation, of church and of state, was bound to obey. It commanded, to say the least, nothing absolutely wrong; and the Jew, as a good citizen, if for no other reason, was bound to respect it, until he was, in some outward and legal way, set free from it. There is no evidence that the Jews did separate in their thought the law from its agents. The divine presence was believed to be a constant inspiration. Christ says, "The scribes sit in Moses' seat." Whatever authority, then, he ascribed to Moses, he ascribed to his successors in the government. An apostle ascribed even the utterance of the high-priest, regarding the death of Christ, to his priestly inspiration: "This spake he," writes John, "not of himself; but being high-priest that year, he prophesied that Jesus should die for that nation." The act, then, of the ministers of the law was the act of the law itself. The law was temporary, but yet it must set its own term. Its close was grand and regal. Its last act was its abdication, an act as kingly as any other. Christ, the member of the Jewish commonwealth, as a good citizen, respected and obeyed its laws. He was no revolutionist. It was the law itself which accomplished the revolution.

It is easy for us, at this day, to doubt the necessity of any such formal act or argument as we have spoken of. We do not feel the grasp which this law had over the lives and spirits of the Jews. We say, it is a necessity that the higher life should replace the lower; that the law, made useless by the dispensation of grace, should die out of itself; but everything in nature and in history works by means. The sun draws up the moisture of the earth, not by its glory, but by mechanical and physical causes. Everything needs not only an inner preparation, but an outward instrumentality. Especially does the dissolution of such an imposing structure, religious and political, as the Jewish law, need it. A single example will show this. How is the absolute and literal legal observation of the Sabbath wrought into the consciousness of Anglo-Saxon Christendom, and this on the groundwork of the Mosaic law!

From how many churches would one who should doubt or dispute this be excommunicated! If one single relic of the law has such power over us Americans in this nineteenth century, how must the Jew in the first century have needed some dispensation from the hand of the law itself.

This came to him in no unnatural or accidental manner. It was, so far as we can see, inevitable. If Christ had lived and died in good and regular standing among the Jews, he would have left his followers under the same bondage. All his influence and authority would have been on the side of the law. If he had made war upon these ordinances, each harmless in itself, and the established law of the land, he would have justly merited the reproach of being a stirrer up of sedition. This too would have been a side issue. He would have gone out of his way. He would have stood in opposition to the law, and by opposition it could not be destroyed. The only way in such a case is to let the tendency one would oppose work itself out to the full, when, being finite, it will strike over into its opposite. This was the course which Christ chose. He placed himself in its centre. Not only was he no opposer of Judaism, he was the very Christ, the centre and soul of Judaism. Such a Christ the formal and worldly Jews could not accept. We have here no side or chance issue. The Messiahship was the central point in Christ's mission. It was the central point of Judaism. The collision must take place. This collision is the necessary climax of Christ's ministry. He foresaw it and its results. His system was prepared within the old. Its development was not sudden and harsh. It fell in with the regular and mighty processes of nature. As the seed rounds itself, and smooths itself, and hardens itself into its own shape, within the parent plant, — as the embryonic life is formed within the parent life, taking its own shape, establishing its own circulation and independent centre of being, — so was Christianity formed within Judaism. As this new life does not force its way out of itself, but is cast out with pain and labor, so was Christianity born of Judaism, taking from it its best life and strength.

This fact does not stand alone. Not only does it fall in with the processes of the lower nature, it furnishes the type



according to which Christianity has ever since developed itself. Luther, for instance, did not attack the Church; he would reform it only. He clung to it as to his mother and his life. But the Church cast him out. Thrust out from it, he found himself free and glad, and established his new and broader system, which was in turn to give birth to newer and broader forms. Thus does the founder of the new cling to the old, till he is cast out from it. It seems to him, at first, like being thrust out from heaven. He wanders without the camp, out of that Church which seemed to him to be the only dwelling of God; but being out, he finds then that it had obscured more than it had revealed his glory. He finds himself beneath the broad, blue sky. He is still the child of God. He looks up into God's face with no intervening veil. Christ seeks him out, as he did the man who was born blind, when he had been thrust out from the synagogue. Surprised and delighted he cries, "Lord, it is good to be here. *Let us build a tabernacle.*" And so he establishes a new camp, a new church, from which the next free soul must be in turn thrust out. Thus it is ever. When the outcast from the old departs,

"He bows his head,  
He thinks, at going out, but enters straight  
Another golden chamber of the King's,  
Larger than that he leaves, and lovelier."

This is the long travail of the ages, which must continue until the Christ be indeed born into the world; until men have learned that Christianity is not a dogma to be maintained, but a life to be lived, a spirit to be partaken of,—that it is not of the past only, but a present inspiration. It shall last till the war of the creeds is ended, till men have learned that Christ was not set up as an arch of triumph which the captive train must stoop under to enter heaven,—not sent as a harsh proconsul to reduce a foreign race to submission,—but was a manifestation of the infinite love of God, set forth to draw the soul upward, from glory to glory. When this is accomplished, the truth, no longer held in strife, will settle itself. The glory of Christ, no longer made the watchword of parties, no longer insisted on as a test, will shine forth and fill the world with its brightness.



## ART. II.—THE WOMEN OF THACKERAY.

*Vanity Fair.* 3 vols. *Pendennis.* 3 vols. *Henry Esmond.* 2 vols. *The Newcomes.* 4 vols. *The Virginians.* 4 vols. By WILLIAM M. THACKERAY. Collection of British Authors. Tauchnitz Edition. Leipzig: Bernhard Tauchnitz.

THACKERAY'S books, like Mrs. Primrose's "wedding gown," wear well, though they may not at once captivate the fancy. His peculiarities of style must be softened to us by familiarity, before we can detect the great humanity under the surface cynicism, and fully recognize the artistic grace of his life-like creations. His delineations are quiet and natural; he startles with no stage effects, no burlesque, no caricature; we smile or sigh as the living panorama passes, but seldom laugh or passionately weep. We are lookers on, not actors in the drama, and earnestly but calmly watch the progress of the plot, and the developments of character,—our judgment unwarped by intensely excited feelings, our mirth rational, and our sadness salutary. His stories are eminently suggestive, as he rarely analyzes his characters. This is a great charm of his books. It undoubtedly requires much less skill to describe a character, than to force that character to unfold itself, and to change and modulate it in harmony with the incidents of the story. And it is in this gradual development that Thackeray excels.

It has been Thackeray's mission to portray life as it is. He brings more than great creative genius to the task; he has read with clear vision the mysterious scroll of the human heart, and gives us the pages as he finds them,—now bright with the record of noble deeds, now blurred by weakness and folly, and now deeply stained by guilt and crime. His books are full of moral lessons,—lessons that will make us wiser and better if we heed them. We find there no glow of false sentiment, which perverts while it dazzles; vice is never clothed in attractive garb, and though deceit and hypocrisy are unmasked, honor is paid to every womanly grace, and every manly virtue.

Our present purpose, however, is not to review the general

merits of the novelist. It is limited to the consideration of his female characters ; in regard to which justice, in our judgment, has not been done to him. He has been charged with being unjust towards the sex ; and it has been said that his intelligent women are "uniformly represented as wicked," whilst his "good women are foolish." We can find little truth in these assertions.

Surely the term "a perfect woman" does not imply a faultless one ; and the novelist who paints his heroine in colors which, though glowing, are false, can awaken but a momentary enthusiasm ; for it is only that which is essentially true, as well as beautiful, which can long retain a place in the heart, or satisfy the understanding. Thackeray's heroines are no misty shapes, or brilliant meteors, fitted only to dazzle and captivate the imagination, and which fade away under the palpable touch of criticism and analysis. It is with his conceptions as it is with Shakespeare's,—they bear the closest and keenest analysis ; the more they are thought of, and reasoned about, the more tangible and life-like they become. And it is by such analysis that we propose to show their true and exquisite humanity ; bearing in mind ourselves, and asking the reader to bear in mind, that it is exclusively with English social life our author deals.

As a type of a class Becky Sharp is faithfully drawn. She is a female sharper, and the experiences of her miserable childhood, while they have developed her intellect and increased her natural acuteness, have made her insensible to true sentiment and feeling. She has a genius for intrigue, and had she been a man, she would have made the wiliest of diplomatists. Still there is nothing masculine about Becky ; her arts and her vices are strictly feminine. She is entirely selfish ; her sole aim is her own advancement, and having no principle to guide, no generous impulse to restrain her, she is consistently unscrupulous as to the means by which these ends are attained. Her good-humor is more a policy than a virtue ; she has perfect command over herself, and thus never loses an advantage by any outbreak of temper. Her philosophy and her quick perception of the ridiculous often reconcile her to defeat, and she laughs heartily at jokes at her own expense.

She is seldom discouraged or cast down by adversity ; like a skilful general, she does her best to turn her defeats into victories, and her energy and perseverance are worthy of a better cause. But Becky's cleverness, like Falstaff's wit, never betrays us into kindly interest. We are never beguiled into sympathy with the wicked old jester, nor are our feelings ever enlisted in favor of Becky throughout her checkered career. The pomp and glare of her town life never conceal the skeleton which lurks in the rear of the glittering pageant ; her dazzling successes never hide from us the yawning gulf beneath her feet. Brilliant, clever, witty, she attracts around her a circle of admirers ;—but her charms are not the secret of her influence ; the vanity of her lovers does more for her than the melody of her voice, or the sparkle of her eyes. Skilfully she applies to this vanity the touchstone of flattery ; this is the spell that subjugates, the all-powerful magic ring, the open sesame to the hearts of her victims.

A woman who loves, however erring, can never be entirely selfish, for love has a humanizing influence, and a true passion renders any self-sacrifice easy. Lady Macbeth's devotion to her husband softens her character, and the associations of childhood paralyze her murderous arm : " Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I could have done it." But Becky had no such weakness to contend with ; even her child awakens no maternal love in her icy bosom. Like Richard of Gloster, the world, she thinks, is made for her " to bustle in," and, like him, she is devoid of all natural affection. We should have been better pleased with the author's portraiture of Becky, had he endowed her with one generous impulse, one redeeming moral trait ; and in not doing this he has erred. Once, and once only, does she seem to be actuated by a kindly emotion,—when she reconciles Amelia and Dobbin. But even in this case we suspect her of interested motives. The retrospect of her career is very melancholy ; never has vice been made more unlovely than in her character. Who would envy Becky even her days of prosperity, her crowd of admirers, her fictitious triumphs, her hollow splendor, bought with the price of odious lies, and the sacrifice of every good and generous emotion ? Who does not shudder as he contemplates the



face "haggard, weary, and terrible" that watches her sleeping husband? What can be more sad than her wanderings abroad, when high-born lovers as well as her broken-hearted husband have deserted her, and she meets everywhere with scorn and contempt? Adversity brings no blessings to Becky, for she is not cast down and humiliated by the consciousness of sin, but only chagrined at its exposure. A woman without principle and without heart, with no tie to bind her to the world but the love of life, and self-interest, — a woman who has no one to love or to care for, — can there be anything more pitiable? And Becky herself at last feels this dreary heart-loneliness, and the thought of the husband she has deceived fills her with regret and longing. Still it is a selfish longing; she does not wish him back that she may redeem the past. No, she needs a protector, and "he would not see her insulted." After many reverses of fortune, we leave Becky seemingly prosperous. With the wealth of poor Joe Sedley and her boldly assumed title of Lady Crawley, she continues her career of deception at Bath; — a lonely, selfish existence, with no thoughts to cheer her solitude, no inner life to turn to when the world has grown wearisome, no one to sympathize with when living, no one to shed a tear upon her grave! We feel compassion for her situation, though not for her.

Amelia Sedley is evidently a favorite with Thackeray. He passes more eulogiums upon her than upon any of his other heroines, and takes up weapons in her defence against imaginary depreciators. He generally leaves his readers to form their own opinion; but Amelia is his especial pet. He doubtless thinks she is too weak and delicate to struggle unaided through the great Vanity Fair, and contrast favorably with the lively and piquant Becky, — so he must needs be her champion. To render interesting a woman so utterly insipid as Amelia requires much art; and, while faithfully portraying all her defects, Mr. Thackeray has made her both winning and lovable. Silly and weak she is, but she is also tender and good; and who will not echo Kingsley's counsel to his daughter, —

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;  
Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long;  
And so make life, death, and that vast forever  
One grand sweet song."



Though Amelia is weak, she has none of the faults usually so trying in persons of her character; she is neither fretful, nor stubborn, nor unreasonable, nor has she any of the petty artifices by which weak persons get their own way. Her virtues are, however, rather negative than positive, and she has neither the intuitive perception which in intelligent women is an instinct, nor the penetration which is acquired by observant intercourse with the world. But feeble as she is in intellect and character, she is strong through her affections. In her sorrow she calls forth all our sympathies; gentle, patient, and uncomplaining, we feel that we "may not suffer the winds of heaven visit her face too roughly," and we grieve over the fate we foresee will be hers in a union with the selfish coxcomb upon whom she has lavished so much affection. Her love brings to her only unhappiness, but it is an unhappiness which she hugs. George's death (one of her greatest mercies) drives her frantic with despair. She forgets all his cruelty and neglect; for, like all loving women, she looks at him through the Claude Lorraine glass of the heart. It is her own love that sheds a rose-color over the path which, to lookers-on, seems so dark and thorny. True, the thorns prick sharply sometimes, and the delicate flesh bleeds, but her own warm affection is the balm which heals the wound.

If Thackeray is sharp-sighted to detect the foibles common to the sex, no man has truer sympathy with woman's peculiar trials, nor has any one revered more those virtues peculiarly her own. "What do men," — he writes, referring to Amelia's untiring vigils by her mother's dying bed, — "what do men know about women's martyrdom? We should go mad if we had to endure the hundredth part of the daily pains which are meekly borne by many women. Ceaseless slavery, meeting with no reward; constant gentleness and kindness, met by cruelty as constant; love, labor, patience, watchfulness, without so much as the acknowledgment of a good word, — and how many of them have to bear in quiet, and to appear abroad with cheerful faces, as if they felt nothing. . . . O you poor women! O you poor secret martyrs and victims! whose life is torture, who are stretched on racks in your bedrooms, and who lay your heads down on the block daily at the

dining-room table, every man who watches your pains, and peers into those dark places where the torture is administered, must pity you, and thank God he has a beard."

So we linger with pleasure over Amelia's tender devotion to her boy, — over the sweetness and humility with which she bears her poor mother's exactions, — and our tears start as we read of her vain struggles to keep her child with her, her efforts to improve herself that she might instruct him, her toil to earn a livelihood, her prayers that the evil which she so much dreaded might not come upon her; and when the terrible blow has fallen, her meek endurance, her strong self-command and utter self-forgetfulness, claim our admiration and respect. In her prosperous days she ceases to be so attractive. She tyrannizes over her faithful friend and lover, and is both ungrateful and unjust.

" Truly, the tender mercies of the weak,  
As of the wicked, are but cruel."

When Becky gives Amelia proofs of her husband's unworthiness, the false idol she so long has worshipped is shattered at once. She sheds a few tears, but feels more joy over her fancied freedom than grief over the sad revelation. She does not mourn that the lover of her youth has deceived her. Ethel Newcome or Laura would have mourned for him more than for themselves; but Amelia, simple and unreflecting, was spared further trial. In her union with Dobbin she is happy; and all doubts about his happiness are solved in the concluding words of the last chapter, where, speaking of Dobbin's love for his little daughter, he says: "Fonder of her than he is of me, Emmy thinks with a sigh. But he never said a word to Amelia that was not kind and gentle, nor thought of a wish of hers that he did not try to gratify. Ah, *vanitas vanitatum!* Which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire, or, having it, is satisfied?"

The brilliancy of Becky and the sufferings of Amelia obscure the unobtrusive excellence of Lady Jane Crawley's character. In the busy bustling crowds of Vanity Fair she passes unnoticed; it is only at her own fireside, where the children cluster around her knee, that her virtues are conspicuous.

Though amiable and yielding, she is far from being a weak woman; she is neither brilliant nor witty, yet she must have been intelligent and agreeable, else she would never have retained the love, as well as respect, of Miss Crawley. It is she who soothes the last moments of the worldly, terrified old woman, who is the pet of her invalid father, who writes loving notes to her prodigal brother to lure him back from the world, and who walks kindly by the chair of the paralytic Sir Pitt, so that even he feels her gentle influence, — sobbing and bursting into tears when she leaves him. Rawdon Crawley is a better man in her presence, and she becomes a mother to his worse than motherless boy. Nothing excites our feelings more strongly against Becky than her treatment of her child, and few scenes in *Vanity Fair* are more pathetic than the one in which she gives the cruel blow. And it is Lady Jane, the good wife, the tender mother, who draws the desolate boy to her bosom, and warms into life again those crushed affections. He kneels beside her with her own children to listen to her simple stories; it is from her lips he learns the prayers which it is a mother's sweet privilege to teach, and by her he is taught to respect the sex which his own mother has dishonored.

Though she fulfils all her duties, Sir Pitt does not appreciate her, pretty and gentle as she is. Vain, selfish, and hypocritical, he could not perceive the feminine loveliness, the generous spirit, the unostentatious piety and tender nature of a woman like Lady Jane. Too true to flatter him, he thought her dull because she could not understand his stupid pamphlets, or, like Becky, go into pretended ecstasies over his long harangues. She loved him, and imagined him the most superior of men, though his coldness chilled her; and she was too timid to be demonstrative.

As the most devoted of mothers to an only son, every woman must feel the beauty of Helen Pendennis's character; but to a man who has known that love, or who has yearned for it, she is more than a beautiful creation of fancy, and must be associated with the best and tenderest emotions of his heart. She must recall the sacrifices which his own mother made for him, with, perhaps, no return. She must bring back the time



when, a boy like Arthur, he knelt at her knee, and ever found in her a sympathizing friend and tender counsellor. The impression she leaves will be more or less permanent as his nature is shallow or deep, steady or impulsive; but he who can read the record of such a life without being touched by her sufferings and her sacrifices, without his heart glowing with love towards one capable of such self-abnegation, deserves all pity.

As gentle and delicate as Amelia, Helen has more force of character. Amelia sank under an unhappy passion. Helen rose above it, and calmly, though tearfully, resigned her love to the stronger claims his boyish folly had imposed upon him. It was not that she loved him less, but that she loved his honor more, and in giving him up to his duty she was not a prey to the anguish to which a woman is doomed who, in losing one so beloved, loses at the same time all faith in his manliness and integrity. Thus this sad episode in her life becomes at last a tender cherished regret, without a shade of bitterness. This is the spirit of Evangeline,—

“He became to her heart as one that is dead and not living,”—

and it is these memories which so endear Laura to her heart.

The devotion to her son is the more true and beautiful because it is an unconscious one. The sacrifices which seem great to us, and on which we pride ourselves, are seldom the spontaneous effusions of the heart, but come more from the dictates of reason and a sense of duty. The purest sacrifices are only perceived by others; love must render them easy, and it is this generous emotion which imparts to Helen's devotion its beauty and grace. It is true her indulgence increased Pendennis's natural selfishness, and her unbounded admiration of his abilities made him still vainer; but the holy influences of her love, and the example of her saintly life, do more for him in the end than her over-indulgence injures him in his youth. The contrast between her rectitude of principle and unworldliness of heart, and the Major's fashionable code of morals, is very great. His worldly arguments with regard to Fanny Bolton fill her with horror. Well-bred woman as she is, proud of her own birth and her son's position, she



would sacrifice all her prejudices to her sense of right and justice. True, Helen misjudges Arthur, and is cruel to Fanny. Woman-like in her hasty conclusions, she feels too acutely to reason calmly, and with her own hands pulls down the mountain of misery upon herself. Unkind as is the conduct of Helen and Laura to Fanny, it is natural, and we cannot have the heart to condemn them. Helen would have been wiser had she sought an explanation with her son; but she was not a wise, only a true and loving woman. Her love for Arthur makes her sometimes unjust to Laura, but her weakness is so amiable that it renders her the more endearing. The wounds she unwittingly inflicted were as a drop of water to the ocean, compared to the precious ointment of love she poured upon the feet of those she cherished.

"I think," says Thackeray, "that it is not national prejudice which makes me believe that a high-bred English lady is the most complete of all Heaven's subjects in this world. In whom else do you see so much grace and so much virtue, so much faith and so much tenderness, with such a perfect refinement and chastity? And by high-bred ladies I don't mean duchesses and countesses. Be they ever so high in station, they can be ladies and no more. But almost every man who lives in the world has the happiness, let us hope, of counting a few such persons among his circle of acquaintance,—women in whose angelical natures there is something awful as well as beautiful to contemplate,—at whose feet the wildest and fiercest of us must fall down and humble ourselves, in admiration of that adorable purity which never seems to do or think wrong." In Laura Bell this character of an English woman is finely exemplified. Fresh and rosy, buoyant in health and spirits, warm-hearted and demonstrative, she has, at the same time, a firm will and an unflagging energy. These qualities sustain her under her own trials, and fit her to be the tender consoler of the unhappy. Her cheerfulness and determination are indomitable. To Helen's firm principle and loving heart she joins strength of mind and character. Laura's judgment is good, and where Helen would simply suffer and endure, she wrestles and acts. It is this inward action and struggle which preserve the equilibrium

of her mind, and give uniformity to her demeanor. Though she loves Arthur, she refuses, with the disdain it merits, the offer of his hand without his heart. True, the affection she then has for him is sisterly, and the contrast she draws between him and Warrington disenchanting her for a time. Women have an instinctive respect and admiration for a nature stronger than their own; and though strong women often devotedly love weak men, it is because their fancy has been captivated by some exterior grace, and, the heart once won, they remain happily blind to the weaknesses which, in many cases, are only revealed by intimacy.

Much disappointment has been expressed at the fate of Laura and Warrington. Mr. Thackeray would have given higher satisfaction to many of his readers, had he killed off the uncongenial wife; but in real life wives are not usually so complaisant as to "shuffle off this mortal coil" when their lords and masters have grown weary of them, and we think the novelist has shown the highest art in not uniting their destinies. The very strength of their natures, which causes them to spring together, proves them also strong to walk alone through life. Warrington has no need of external influences to lead him aright,—his strength is in himself. Pendennis, on the contrary, is easily influenced. Impulse is his guide. Laura is to be his restraining principle, for Helen's son must not go far astray, and he needs a guardian angel upon earth, as well as a mother in heaven. Pendennis has many faults, but no vices; and under Laura's influence his character develops favorably. True, we think, he is not quite worthy of her, but in the present state of society how few men are ever deemed worthy of dear and cherished female friends? It must also be remembered that Laura does not look upon Arthur with our eyes,—she does not even believe what he says of himself; and though she is superior to him in character, she admires his genius, and endows him with every excellence. "If the women did not make idols of us," says the author in reference to Helen, "and if they saw us as we see each other, would life be bearable, or could society go on? Let a man pray that none of his woman-kind should form a just estimation of him."

Charming as Laura is as a girl, she is infinitely more so as a wife. The gay London world does not spoil her. The same rectitude of principle, which prompted her to counsel Pen to be true to Blanche, is hers through life. Her love has expanded, not narrowed, her heart; the good wife; the fond but judicious mother, she is also the kind, sympathizing friend. She comforts the noble old Colonel in his misfortune, and counsels his son. She comes like a good angel to the unfortunate Lady Clara Newcome, to lure her back from the brink of the frightful precipice upon which she is tottering. To Ethel she is a tender elder sister, and is at her side in her great distress and loneliness. Though we may feel a deeper interest in Ethel Newcome as a heroine, none of Thackeray's female characters is more intrinsically true and beautiful than Laura. Her mind is perfectly well balanced; she is neither a genius nor a belle, but a religious, intelligent, well-bred woman, fitted for every emergency, and formed to be, not only the companion, but the counsellor of her husband.

Blanche Amory is a type of those women who mistake sentimentality for sentiment, and who will shed tears over the sorrows of an Amanda Fitzallan, or a Thaddeus Sobieski, while they have no sympathy for real suffering, and can wring with reckless cruelty the hearts of others. She can talk very pathetically, but always acts very unfeelingly; her treatment of her maid is characteristic of her class. In her duplicity and cunning she resembles Becky. It is only her position which guards her from the serious crimes of the latter, for in her sphere she is equally unscrupulous, and is entirely swayed by selfishness and vanity. Becky is a woman of genius; she does everything well, while Blanche's cleverness is only superficial. She has a few stereotyped airs and graces which she plays off on society, but thinks and talks too much about herself to be long fascinating or agreeable. She has a touch of Becky's perception of the ridiculous, without her wit and talent of mimicry. We must respect the capabilities of the latter, though we regard her moral character with horror and detestation; while for Blanche we cannot feel pity, but only contempt. As she has no natural refinement, all the accomplishments in the world cannot mould her into a lady. Hav-



ing no heart, she can only suffer through her vanity, and her nature is too volatile to feel even mortification very sensibly. It is a morbid craving for excitement which incites her to correspond with her father; a delicate woman would have shrunk from familiar intercourse with such a man, — stranger as he had been to her from childhood. But Blanche feels no such repugnance, and flatters herself that she is both dutiful and heroic. She has been too long feigning good emotions to be able to feel again a genuine one. Blanche's character is finely painted, — naturally and simply colored; and while we grieve that there are such women, — so artificial and heartless, — we must give our meed of praise to the author, who not only reads so wondrously the human heart, but who portrays, by a few skilful touches, the finest shades of character. An observant eye may detect and admire the faintest rainbow tint of a cloud, but to embody those tints requires more than appreciation and study, — it demands an artist's pencil.

Captivated as Fanny Bolton is by the lordly protecting airs of Pendennis, the romantic visions which dance through her busy little brain do more to fill her heart with his image than his fascinations, dazzling as they are to her simple, girlish fancy. Had Fanny wedded Arthur, she would have been the most absorbed and devoted of wives, but not a happy one; for being neither refined nor cultivated, she would not have long pleased one so selfish and fastidious. Though she was naturally clever, he was too much the slave of his own impulses to have raised and ennobled her as a man like Warrington could have done. Her sorrows do not elevate her; unlike Ethel and Lady Castlewood, her nature is not improved by grief. She finds balm for her heart only in distraction, and in the transitory emotions of gratified vanity; and the simple, innocent girl develops into the vain, lively coquette. She who would have been Arthur's slave, is Sam Huxter's tyrant. It is a curious fact in human experience, that the most lovely and devoted of wives are often neglected and unappreciated; while the cold, worldly woman, who does not love her husband, and who prizes far more the society and admiration of other men, is still often worshipped by him, and is the object of his tenderest devotion, — all her caprices gratified, and the gravest errors

forgiven and forgotten. Truly the heart of man is a strange thing.

Through the web of this touching story of Fanny's love and Fanny's sorrows are woven judicious counsels,—warning words,—not only to trusting maidens, but to fascinating Arthurs.

Lady Castlewood is a charming type of gracious womanhood. She is as *spirituelle* as Rosalind, and as tender as Juliet. Her character unfolds finely, and we know not which to admire most, the grace and beauty of her intellect, or the warmth and purity of her heart. In her wrapt devotion to Lord Castlewood we recognize,—not the blunted perceptions of a woman, who has neither the soul to appreciate true nobility, nor the intellect to demand something more than mere physical beauty,—but the abandonment of a young, loving nature, still undeveloped; a nature which knows not its own powers, and feels not its own exigencies, but which, revelling in the exquisite consciousness of loving and being beloved, bows down to the idol of its own imagination and fancy. Had Lord Castlewood continued kind and faithful, she might have always been unconscious of her mental superiority; for it is not she who seeks the blue-beard chamber,—she does not, like hapless Psyche, cast the light of reason upon a sleeping lover; it is her husband who does his utmost to deface his own image, while she weeps over the shattered idol she vainly endeavors to restore to the throne in her heart.

“The Marys who bring ointment for our feet,” writes the novelist accused of such injustice to the sex, “get but little thanks. Some of us never feel this devotion at all, or are moved by it to gratitude or acknowledgment; others only recall it years afterwards, when the days are past in which those sweet kindnesses were spent on us, and we offer back our return for the debt by a poor, tardy payment of tears. Then forgotten tones of love recur to us, and kind glances shine out of the past—O so bright and clear! O so longed after! because they are out of reach; as holiday music from within a prison wall, or sunshine seen through the bars,—more prized because unattainable, more bright because of the contrast of present darkness and solitude, whence there is no escape.”

Still, Lady Castlewood is not a faultless heroine. A true

woman in her virtues, she is the same in her faults ; far more lovable in her humanity, than if exalted to an unapproachable excellence. Noble, generous, and unselfish, she is also (before sorrow has subdued her spirit) impetuous, exacting, and jealous. Like all strong, impulsive natures, she gives much and she demands much, — she cannot be content with a divided heart. Her instincts are acute and active to detect the slightest swerving in her husband's affections, and her jealousy — like her love, fervent and ardent — renders her at times suspicious and unreasonable. She is not a vain woman, — she does not grieve over the loss of her personal attractions for their own sake. She possesses treasures of heart and soul far more precious than mere physical loveliness ; and with the consciousness of dawning powers comes the conviction that Lord Castlewood loves her only for her beauty, — that it is her fleeting charms alone that have won and kept his feeble heart. This disenchantment of life is very bitter ; it is not alone the blank dreariness of the present which is hard to bear ; it is not so much the utter hopelessness of the future : it is the stinging regrets and aching memories of the past, — old cherished associations, which the heart shrinks from, and which cause old wounds to bleed afresh. Though Lady Castlewood bears her trials with silent fortitude, we can perceive that adversity has not yet wrought its best discipline ; she has not learnt to look upon her husband with charity and forgiveness. Her love has faded out of her heart, and unconsciously she has been worshipping at another shrine. But Lord Castlewood's dreadful death tears the veil from her eyes, her infidelity of heart fills her with remorse, and she is also bowed down by the weight of her husband's sins, for which she condemns herself. A true woman, she forgets all her own wrongs, and dwells only upon his good qualities ; for he had some generous impulses. Cruel and unjust as she is to Esmond in her delirium of grief, it is a harshness which may well be pardoned. Her husband killed, how could a woman conscientious and sensitive meet in familiar intercourse the man she had loved better than him ? Was it not natural that she should shrink from Esmond, until time and penitence had softened her remorse ?

“It is on the borders of celestial streams,” says Longfellow,



"that simples grow that cure the heart-ache:" and Lady Castlewood does not seek those healing balms in vain. Her year of expiation and self-examination bears good fruit. She had submitted to her former trials with calmness and fortitude, but her heart was rebellious and unchanged. The sorrows of maturer years have brought her to the foot of the cross, and there she finds both pardon and peace. She refuses Esmond with generous self-abnegation, and she has not only to bear in silence for ten dreary years the pain of seeing him devoted to her own child, but is made the confidant of his fruitless passion. The heart of a woman thus situated must necessarily be torn with conflicting emotions; a strong jealous nature may be subdued, but while love lingers it cannot be entirely crushed. Kind and gentle as Lady Castlewood is to Beatrix, the latter is her successful rival. It is hard to reconcile such contending claims, and the mother, though almost a saint, is human.

In her ultimate union with Colonel Esmond, we feel there is no incongruity. She is a woman whom "age cannot wither." The sad experiences of his youth, the cares and disappointments of manhood, have made him old personally as well as mentally. The storms to which she has bowed have bent the strong man. The matronly beauty is more radiant than ever; as with "Namouna,"

"Time's wing but seemed, in stealing o'er,  
To leave her lovelier than before."

Superior as her mind is, it is essentially feminine, and bends naturally to the greater vigor of his. "In the name of my wife," writes Henry Esmond, "I write the completion of hope, and the summit of happiness. To have such a love is the one blessing in comparison of which all earthly joy is of no value, and to think of her is to praise God!"

Lady Castlewood's daughter, Beatrix, resembles her father in his selfishness and personal vanity, in his frank good humor, and love of pleasure and change. She inherits her mother's proud spirit and natural dignity, her bright intellect and energy, and has the same jealous disposition, without her exquisite tenderness of nature. Hers is an exacting nature, that demands all without being able to give a return. Unlike the

Beatrice of Shakespeare, whose harmless wit and malice are but the exuberant gayety of a young, fresh heart, she is brilliant and fascinating for effect, and cares not how acutely she wounds the friends devoted to her. Charming as Beatrix is, she has, unhappily, no sensibility of heart, nor is there any reverence in her nature. Many women coquet through mere thoughtlessness and gayety, and are shocked at the unforeseen result of their folly; but Beatrix sports with hearts at her pleasure, and feels no remorse. She is more ambitious however than coquettish, and, butterfly as she is, would fan her wings in abiding sunshine. Self is the object of her adoration, and she has little love to lavish upon others. So brilliant, so beautiful, we sigh to see her throwing away the happiness that might be hers for a delusive phantom, a will-o'-the-wisp, that ever eludes her eager pursuit. Even when her brightest dreams seem tangible realities, and she is exulting in the superb alliance that is to be hers, Death steps in and snatches away the prize more dear to her than love, peace, and a happy home. Had Beatrix loved the noble man who would have shared with her his honors, this disappointment might have softened, instead of hardening, her heart; —

“’T is better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all.”

But it was not for the Duke she mourned, and, though sobered in spirit, she is still unchanged, and unworthy of Esmond's constant affection.

With the exception of the inimitable sketches of Dick Steele and Marlborough, there is nothing finer in this novel than the delineation of Esmond's allegiance to the peerless beauty. Herein is portrayed the rare and beautiful devotion of an earnest, energetic man. More reflective than imaginative, he still is captivated by her dazzling loveliness, and her piquant railleries and frank expressions of indifference heighten his regard. He is not blind to her defects, but looks upon them with tender indulgence. He loves her so well, he admires her every caprice; and though he knows her mother is incomparably her superior, one bright smile from Beatrix is more precious to him than long years of devotion from Lady Castle-

wood. It is more a sweet, grateful friendship he feels for the latter, than an absorbing passion. Beatrix is the romance of his life. Cruelly, disdainfully as she treats him, unworthy as she proves herself, he speaks of her with tenderness, as "the beautiful and wayward woman" who spurned all control. He is too noble and unselfish to cherish resentment towards one whom he has loved; a true passion can never degenerate into hatred in a generous heart. Esmond fancies his love for Beatrix is dead; it is only his long-cherished hopes which are blighted and destroyed. Though her name is never spoken in the family circle, it is her features he draws for the amusement of his grandchildren, and peaceable and prosperous as his life becomes, the disappointment of his youth casts an ever-abiding shadow upon his heart. His enthusiasm has faded with the illusions of life. "*Il n'y a plus de parfum dans le temple, plus de musique dans le sanctuaire, plus d'emotion dans le cœur.*"

We meet Beatrix again in "*The Virginians*" as Baroness Bernstein; we find her rich and influential, feared, but not respected,—tolerated and toadied by interested relatives, whose designs she is quick to detect and to thwart. Old and painted, her sole occupation is card-playing, her best entertainments the pleasures of the table, and repetitions of the scandalous gossip of the day. A woman of wit, she comments upon the sins and follies of society with a grim humor akin to Mephistopheles. She has lived so long among the worldly and false, she doubts the very existence of virtue, and is tolerant of all vice that has the prestige of fashion and success. Like the Beatrix of old, she still has some generous impulses; and Harry Warrington's freshness and enthusiasm awaken softening memories in her heart. Henry Esmond is her only pure, tender remembrance. A woman must always retain a kindly interest in a rejected suitor, who has felt for her a true and honest affection; but Beatrix's regard is mingled with regret, and in her moments of bitterness and remorse Esmond is avenged. Her very nature softens at the mention of his name; for his sake she is kind to his grandchildren, though it be a fitful kindness. Indignant as she is with Harry, in regard to Maria, his stern sense of honor and firm integrity not only



force her into reluctant admiration, but move her to tears. Was it alone the boy's enthusiasm which so touched her? Was it not rather the sudden rush of old recollections,—the memory of the time when Esmond's noble deeds were wont to arouse a glow of generous fervor in the heart now so withered and cold? Tears of regret for the past, perhaps, but alas! not such tears as opened the gates of Paradise for the exiled Peri,—

“When hymns of joy proclaimed through heaven  
The triumph of a soul forgiven.”

Good emotions are transitory in a heart long given to selfishness and vanity. The heavenly spark may kindle and glow for a while, but the ashes of worldliness and sin soon smother the feeble flame.

Beatrice Esmond had “sown the wind,” and it is but just she should “reap the whirlwind.” “Here were old age,” moralizes the author, “without reverence. Here were gray hairs that were hidden or painted. The world was still here, and she tottering on it and clinging to it with her crutch. For fourscore years she had moved on it, and eaten of the tree, forbidden and permitted. She had had beauty, pleasure, flattery; but what secret rages, disappointments,—what thorns under the roses, what stinging bees in the fruit!” “I am not old yet,” she says; “I am but seventy-six. But what a wreck my dear! and isn't it cruel our time should be so so short? . . . Who loves me in heaven,” she continues; “I am quite alone, child, that is why I had rather stay here. . . . I like my cards still. Indeed, life would be a blank without 'em. Almost everything is gone except that. . . . Everything goes away from us in old age. But I still have my cards, thank Heaven, I still have my cards!”

What woman would not recoil at the prospect of a fate like this? and may not many a one draw a lesson and a solemn warning from this most impressive and suggestive of homilies?

Ethel Newcome, the charming, irresistible Ethel, is no dreamy personification, no intangible, lifeless ideal. We forget she is but a beautiful creation of genius,—for she has become to us a living, breathing reality, and we remember her

as one whom we have known and loved. The author has linked her to his readers by the strong bonds of a common humanity; and we extend the hand of fellowship to her as to a sister woman, fully sympathizing with, because we fully understand her.

Ethel would not be half so lovable were she faultless, and it is because we have so much to forgive, that we love her better than we love Laura, though Laura's lot is much more to be envied, for her "yesterdays look backward with a smile," while Ethel has not only to mourn over past short-comings, but the memory of the unhappiness her coquetry has caused must ever be a stinging regret. Such wrongs are irreparable. We can never restore the hours our selfishness or cruelty has embittered. They have become a part of the irrevocable past, and to natures sensitive as Ethel's, such remembrances must darken with their shadows the sunniest days in the future. For though God and man may forgive, retribution, in the guise of remorseful thoughts, awaits the man or woman who blights the life of another, even when they escape more palpable and evident punishment.

In her fascinations and love of admiration, Ethel resembles the magnificent beauty, Beatrix, but the coquetry of the two women is very different. Cold and selfish, Beatrix craves incessant food for her vanity. Like Lady Clara Vere de Vere, she breaks hearts "for pastime," and feels neither womanly pity nor tenderness. Ethel, on the contrary, with all her waywardness and thoughtlessness, has a true woman's heart, and a generous, noble nature; and the world, though it hardens her for a time, cannot entirely spoil her. Exquisite as is the picture Mr. Thackeray draws of her graceful girlhood, he does not hesitate to cast over its sunny tints the sombre hues and shadows of the first years of her womanhood. Every burst of impetuous temper, every flirtation, every girlish folly, is faithfully recorded. Fashion and vanity are not made more attractive, though Ethel has made them her idols. With a masterly pencil he sketches the rivalries and jealousies, the heart-burnings and bitter humiliations, that are the portion of even the successful candidates for the prizes of society. His bold, unsparing denunciations must command respect and

admiration, for they bear the stamp of truth ; and the reader who takes up " *The Newcomes* " merely to amuse an idle hour, will find himself pausing over its graphic pages, and reflecting upon their solemn import, more seriously, perhaps, than a novel has ever made him reflect before.

Though Thackeray does not, like the Edgeworth school of novelists, make his most charming heroine a miracle of prudence and goodness,—always triumphing over the greatest temptations and never affected by pernicious influences, still he does not allow us to lose our faith in Ethel, and he leaves it to our own hearts to extenuate and plead for her. Nurtured in the idea that to secure a brilliant establishment was a positive duty to her family as well as to herself, and also surrounded with every allurements that is captivating to a gay, beautiful girl, what wonder that she is dazzled, and plunges heedlessly into the vortex of fashion and folly ? She has not had, like Laura, a Helen to guide and admonish her ; her ideas of right are but meteor flashes,—not earnest and settled convictions. At the age where a young girl most requires judicious counsel, she is consigned to her unscrupulous grandmother ; and though she is at times rebellious, Lady Kew has great influence over her. They have both a strong will and a high spirit, which they respect in each other ; but the Countess's age and authority give her an advantage which she is shrewd and politic enough to keep and to exercise. She does not attempt to tyrannize over Ethel, as she does over her amiable but weak-minded daughter ; like all tyrants, she is cowardly, and only oppresses where she thinks her victim is powerless, either through love or fear, to break her yoke. She makes some mistakes, but generally plays her cards very skilfully ; and it is through her influence that Ethel rejects the honest affection of her cousin, and tries to crush the best emotions of her heart by a constant round of unhealthy excitement. Still we perceive she is not happy, though she flatters herself she is doing wisely and well in encouraging the attentions and accepting the hand of Lord Farintosh, and that she is sacrificing herself dutifully for her family. Poor Ethel is a self-deceiver, but Lady Clara's dreadful fate opens her eyes. God speaks to the soul in great calamities, strips away all our subterfuges



and clumsy self-deceits, and as every action of the past comes before the eyes of the drowning, so we see ourselves as we really are. Thus it was with Ethel; every ambition of her heart seemed mockery to her now; she saw the serpent beneath the flowers, and with the full consciousness of error came deep repentance and earnest resolves to struggle and to conquer.

The disappointments of life, which hardened Beatrix's nature, soften and subdue hers. She needs the discipline of sorrow, and her disappointments humble her pride and tame her high spirit without destroying her native dignity. In her tender care of her brother's children, and in her ministrations to the poor and needy, her womanly qualities have time and opportunity for full development. But Ethel's most conspicuous virtues are her patience and humility. She feels no resentment, but only grief, at the estrangement of Colonel Newcome, and repays his coldness and injustice by deeds of charity and love. The early attachment between the uncle and niece is beautiful; but still more so is the scene of their reconciliation, when Ethel kneels by the side of the broken-hearted old man and sobs out her love and veneration.

Even in trials and sorrow there are compensations for the sufferer, if we but choose to recognize them. With the dawn of a new life came holy, comforting thoughts to Ethel. In improving herself that she might instruct others, her mind and heart were alike cultivated, and she found resources within herself, and in the world around and above her, of which before she had never dreamed. She says to Laura, "I see pictures and landscapes and flowers with quite different eyes, and beautiful secrets, as it were, of which I had no idea before. The secret of all secrets, the secret of the other life and the better world beyond, may not this be revealed to some?" And "who would not," moralizes the author, "have humbled his own heart and breathed his inward prayer, confessing and adoring the Divine will, which ordains these triumphs, these humiliations, these blest griefs, this crowning love."

Still Ethel, like Lady Castlewood, is not doomed to walk through life alone. Mr. Thackeray is too tender of his heroine, and too generous to his readers, to separate Clive and Ethel forever. He has blessed them with the needed disci-

pline of sorrow, and then, kind magician that he is, he waves his potent wand, and restores them to happiness and to each other.

Rosy Mackenzie resembles those ephemeral insects which are only fitted to sport in the sunshine, and whose feeble energies expire with the fading hues of sunset. She is one of those harmless, negative characters, endowed with amiability and gentleness, if not with intelligent capacity. It does not take much to make such women happy, but their pleasures are very petty ones, and they are strangers to the higher joys of more appreciative minds. Being entirely pliant and dependent, they need the constant support of a stronger mind, to act and think for them; and so sustained, if the influence exerted be favorable, they pass through life doing little good perhaps, but certainly little or no evil. It is folly, however, to expect from such negative characters either generous sacrifices, or gratitude, or active sympathy. They have no strong feelings, and cannot understand the finer emotions of the heart. This is the case with Rosy. Her good-humor and cheerfulness endear her to her uncle and Colonel Newcome, and while the sky is cloudless she repays their devotion with pretty smiles, and kind, though meaningless words. But when her generous uncle almost breaks his heart at leaving her, she sees him depart without the slightest regret, and hears of his subsequent death with indifference. Rosy's smiles vanish with Colonel Newcome's wealth; she never consoles him in his dejection, or tries to shield him from her mother's abuse. Clive receives no sympathy from her in his reverse of fortune,—he is only rendered more miserable by her repinings. Had he loved her, he might have done much to raise his wife; but though he was kind, he could not be loving, and from force of habit she clings to her formidable mother. The poverty that aroused Amelia's dormant energies crushes out the little vitality Rosy possesses; either apathetic or hysterical, she sinks at last into a deplorable state of inanition, and we might despise were we not forced to pity her; for the author will not consign his poor little heroine to oblivion without first powerfully awakening our compassion in her behalf. We must give a tear to Rosy as she sits wildly sobbing on the sofa, her heart bursting with jealous emotion as she gazes at the beautiful Ethel, once the

object of her husband's passionate adoration. The thoughts that so move the unloved and unhappy wife may well excite compassion. We think of "the white lips that touch Ethel's cheek" and of "the ghastly smile," and we no longer dwell upon Rosy's weaknesses, but pity the poor, torn, wearied heart, the wretched, turbulent existence of this gentle victim to an odious woman's artifices and a good man's mistake.

Those who pronounce Lady Jane and Laura uninteresting, and who perversely dwell more upon Lady Castlewood's and Ethel's faults than upon their virtues, must surely recognize the beauty of the character of Madame de Florac. There is something so pure and holy about her, and at the same time she is so intensely lifelike, and her characteristics are so human, that we approach her with both love and reverence. This gentle woman is "in the world, but not of it;" she unites to the highest Christian virtues the utmost tenderness of heart. Hers is the charity which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things." For human suffering and sorrow she has ever the liveliest and most delicate sympathy. It is to her, even more than to Laura, that Ethel turns in her desolation; and though Clive's name is never mentioned, these sad, loving hearts understand each other. "Though the grief of those they love is untold, women hear it, as they soothe it, with unspoken consolations."

We see in Madame de Florac the fruition of a long life of patience and self-sacrifice. Hers is a mellow and beautiful old age. The repose of her nature is magnetic, and even the fierce Lady Kew is subdued by her gentleness. Her very presence calms the soul like a strain of sweet music, and near her all warring passions slumber. "I see in such women," says Thackeray, "the good, the patient, the faithful, the tried, and meek, the followers of Him whose earthly life was divinely sad and tender." But the charm of Madame de Florac lies not so much in her exalted excellence as in the love and sympathy she inspires. She is Colonel Newcome's early and only love. So exquisitely tender and delicate are the author's allusions to this sad episode of her youth, that we dare not profane it by analysis; but must not the story of the life-long devotion of these two noble hearts strengthen our faith in the undying nature of a true, disinterested affection?



Love and faith like theirs can never die; refined and sanctified, it lives in the heart, purifying the soul, and shaping the daily life.

Thackeray has portrayed in Madame de Florac "the perfect lady;" and where in the pages of fiction can we find a finer model of the "gentleman" than in Colonel Newcome? So brave, yet so meek,—so dignified, yet so gentle,—truthful and courteous, generous and confiding, simple-hearted and chivalrous,—his is the true nobility of soul, which poverty cannot degrade. Cruel reproaches may cast him down, but they cannot humiliate him. Colonel Newcome in his pensioner's robe is more an object of reverence than of pity, and, like the Leonore whose name is last on his lips, he inspires the highest veneration and love.

The Madam Esmond of "The Virginians" is a finely-conceived and well-executed character, and Fanny Mountain and Lord Castlewood's rich American wife are very clever sketches; but the limits of a single article will not allow us further to particularize. Examples enough have been given, we trust, to prove conclusively that Mr. Thackeray not only recognizes, but portrays, "the sweet divineness of womanhood;" and in defence of his Becky Sharps and Blanche Amorys what better argument do we need than the one employed by Mr. Hudson in his lecture on the alleged want of taste of Shakespeare? "It is not always easy for people to distinguish between the faults of a character represented, and the faults of the representation itself. Of course Shakespeare was not always bound to conceive good characters, but only to give good delineations of those he did conceive, in the relations in which he conceived them."

The novelist who has painted women as they are, cannot be charged with wanting respect for the sex, when we read his beautiful tribute called forth by the memory of poor "Stella's" wrongs, that hapless victim of a selfish man's heartlessness. "'Only a woman's hair.'—Did you ever hear or read four words more pathetic? Only a woman's hair, only love, only fidelity, only purity, innocence, beauty; only the tenderest in the world stricken and wounded, and passed away now out of reach of pangs of hope deferred, love insulted, and pitiless desertion;—only that lock of hair left; and memory and remorse for the guilty, lonely wretch, shuddering over the grave of his victim."

ART. III.—DR. HUNTINGTON'S INTRODUCTION TO  
BICKERSTETH.

*The Rock of Ages ; or, Scripture Testimony to the One Eternal Godhead of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.* By EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, M. A., Incumbent of Christ Church, Hampstead. With an Introduction, by the Rev. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D., Late Preacher to the University, and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard College, Rector of Emanuel Church, Boston. Boston : E. P. Dutton & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 214.

OF Mr. Bickersteth's volume we have not much to say. Its tone is modest, in this respect contrasting favorably with the tone of the "Introduction." Its spirit is good. The author is evidently in earnest, believes what he says, and sincerely desires to convert Unitarians to what seems to him the revealed truth of God. But the method which he has chosen is not the best. The time has gone by when an array of proof-texts, however ingeniously marshalled and combined, will be found sufficient in theological discussion. The sound of Scripture cannot now be made to stand for its sense, nor can any mosaic of the letter of the Bible pass as the picture of its spirit. Mr. Bickersteth is a devoted literalist in his reading of the "Word." He treats all parts of the record, every book, chapter, verse, and letter, as of alike divine authority, and quotes indiscriminately from the Old Testament and the New, from the Gospels, the Epistles, and the Apocalypse, as alike clear, definite, positive, and decisive. He neglects altogether any peculiarities of the different books ; but wherever in the Scripture he can find the word which he would employ, he takes it, without regard to its connection or to its purpose in that place. This method will fatally vitiate his argument to those who distinguish between the books of Scripture, and to those who refuse to found their faith on coincidences of sound. To accept Mr. Bickersteth's style of pleading, one must ignore the results of criticism which the labors not only of liberal but of orthodox inquirers have wrought out.

We acquit Mr. Bickersteth of any intention to deceive ; yet we are compelled to say that the form which he has chosen for

his argument, of texts in parallel columns, is sophistical, in bewildering the mind of the reader by fancied resemblances. If the issue be assent, it is assent which comes rather from confusion than conviction of the intellect. Nine tenths of these coupled passages, when singly examined, will be found to be improperly joined, to relate to different subjects, and to hold different meanings. Indeed, this is one of those arguments which are made up from the Concordance, rather than from the independent study of the Scriptures themselves; and we are not surprised that the author has fallen into the contradictions inevitable with such a method, — that he is constrained to make admissions, both concerning Christ and the Holy Spirit, which quite neutralize his assertions. He has to allow that the Spirit of God is sometimes spoken of in the Scriptures as *not a person*, but an influence; and he very candidly mentions many passages (in Chap. V.) which may seem to oppose his view of Jesus as God. He has failed, as we think, to set aside the force of these passages; and we are grateful to him for furnishing here such a restorative to the weak eyes which the glitter of his previous chapters may have blinded.

As strange a perversion as any in the book is that by which Mr. Bickersteth is pleased to confound the *seven* spirits of the Apocalypse with the third person of the Trinity. He assumes, without a particle of proof, that *seven* here are *one*. When, indeed, the mathematical solecism of the Triune God has been accepted, the human mind is ready for any numerical distortion. We can as well believe that seven are one, as that three are one. But that literalness of interpretation which Mr. Bickersteth uses elsewhere in the Scriptures is here signally outraged. If anything be clear in the vision of the Apocalyptic writer, it is that he saw these seven spirits of God as distinct and individual as the seven vials or the seven lamps of fire burning before the throne, "which are the seven spirits of God." In attempting to explain the terms he uses, Mr. Bickersteth, indeed, frequently involves himself in serious difficulties. The reasons which he gives for the neglect of Jesus to frame any form of a creed may satisfy his own mind, but will not satisfy those to whom he applies his argument. It will be difficult to make one believe that salvation depends upon inferences from doubtful expressions.



Another remarkable peculiarity of this Scripture argument for the Trinity is, that it disarranges the order of work, the various offices, which have usually been assigned to the several persons of the Divine Triad. The Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost, are each shown to us as God, but their several parts in the ordering of Creation, Redemption, and Sanctification are strangely confounded. If the argument proves anything, it proves that the Father could do all without the Son, the Son all without the Holy Ghost, and the Holy Ghost all without either of the other parties; in fact, that the work of all is the same. The texts are so multiplied, the evidence is so cumulative, that it makes the several persons of the Trinity useless. It virtually gives us three Gods, of equal power not only, but of identical work. And by the same style of textual argument, it might be shown that the Jewish Jehovah, of whom the same attributes are predicated as of these three persons, is a fourth person in the Trinity. In fact, Mr. Bickersteth, in arguing the doctrine that the Holy Ghost and Jesus are gods, shows that their Deity is needless. He shows that the one original God is adequate to all the work assigned to the three, and that Scripture represents this God as doing all the work. We will not call his argument "a verbal pastime," but it is certainly no better than a manipulation of words.

It may be that what Mr. Bickersteth would call "a rebellious heart" hinders us from seeing the force of his reasoning; but it is certain that a second careful examination of his pleas, with the comparison of his six propositions, and the redistribution of his texts to their original places, has only the more fortified our conviction of the single personal unity of God. The swelling words of encomium which the American editor applies to this argument seem to us just only so far as they praise the honest purpose and the probable piety of one who pleads so earnestly for a dogma which he has been taught to believe. There is nothing really new in the volume, unless some will consider as new the explanation of the answer of Jesus to the young man, "Why callest thou me good?"—that the emphasis was laid on "*why*," and not on the final words of the question; or the pleasant fact that some of the disputed texts which Griesbach rejects are not pressed into the

argument. The method is faulty, and, even with the help of the rhetorical and oracular American Preface, we venture to doubt if many Unitarians will be induced by this book to relinquish their faith, or go back to the darkness and contradictions which their fathers left. Such a work is not adapted to this age or this meridian.

But our special concern here is with the "Introduction," one of the most melancholy and discreditable exhibitions we have ever met with in a theological work. The very title-page disgusts with its pompous assurance. While to the name of Mr. Bickersteth, the *real* incumbent of a parish, no prefix of "Rev." is given, we learn not only what "the Rev. F. D. Huntington, D. D." was, but what he expects to be,—"Rector of Emanuel Church, Boston." The assumption of this title is an anticipation which has no warrant but Dr. Huntington's own impatient conceit. No man can be the "Rector" of a church until he is an *ordained minister* of that church. Dr. Huntington had not even, when using this title, received Deacon's orders. He assumes here a rectorship which he did not occupy at the time of this writing, and which in the uncertainty of human things he might never occupy in time to come. This may seem a small thing to criticise. It is a small thing in itself, but, considered as an indication of character, it is a very significant thing. The conceit which could adopt this style cannot but impair, with all sensible people, the weight of the author's word. The entire essay, which we now proceed very briefly to examine, proves especially two things;—first, that a man may be religious, so far as devout feeling goes, and yet apparently be deficient in the first elements of Christian morality; and secondly, that a man may be a very popular preacher and yet very ignorant of theology.

At the outset of his "Introduction," Dr. Huntington deprecates discussion of the Trinity, and intimates that it is properly learned by prayer and by special illumination, and not by any force of reasoning. "Those," he says, "on whom this supreme light has risen can forbear even with injustice, with flippancy, and with bitterness in those from whom it is still hid." It would be well if they could forbear sinning in this way them-

selves. He gives as one reason why "profane hands will sometimes be laid on the very ark of the divine mysteries," "a disposition in unspiritual minds, which are yet unwilling to let go a certain formal commerce with the concerns of faith, to escape from the strange regions of devout communion into the less exacting service of speculation and criticism." Now this is a very easy thing to say, it is precisely what the Romanist says in defence of the doctrine of Transubstantiation, but it is a very poor plea to offer. No such pretended subjective spiritual knowledge can have any weight as argument, nor can the pretence convey to a delicate mind any other idea than that of vulgar cant. That Dr. Huntington, or any other man, has a private interior witness of the Trinity, or of any doctrine, and that he feels this to be cheerful and comforting, is no reason why another person should receive it. He cannot offer the result of his experience in "closets, and sanctuaries, and sacraments," as a substitute for the "dialectic process" which all who would be convinced have a right to demand. His illumination may be good for himself, but it is good for nobody else; and the less that is said in argument about such witness from above, the better. It is intolerable arrogance for any one to claim that an inner acquaintance with this doctrine has given him superior capacity of understanding it as a proposition to the intellect, or of weighing its Scriptural and rational proofs. It seems out of place, too, in the Introduction to a work which is a mere *congeries* of texts, and perpetually invites verbal criticism, to cast a slur upon "criticism," or to suggest that argument is "irreverence." There is no more "irreverence" in the criticism which examines, than in the industry which arrays the list of texts. And when a dogmatic interest has taken pains to cull out from the Scriptures its anthology of passages, it may not stigmatize the careful examination of those passages as "the sectarian temper *tampering* with great evangelical principles." It makes no difference, so far as the force of critical objections to the Trinity goes, whether the men who offer them are spiritual or "unspiritual"; whether or not they are conscious of an "impatient and selfish" nature. The character of the men who reason has nothing to do with the soundness of their reasoning. One



who cannot share Dr. Huntington's rapture in his new-found belief has just as much right to be heard in answer to Dr. Huntington's argument, or in exposure of his sophistries, as one who could claim a similar light from on high. And if this insinuation goes any further, if it means to imply that those who intellectually and on critical grounds reject the Trinity are therefore to be pronounced *unspiritual*, or inaccessible by devout and divine influences, we can only dismiss it as too mean for reply.

With this *caveat* at the outset against all argument, Dr. Huntington proceeds to offer some "criticisms" upon Unitarians and the Unitarian position, in which, whatever other spirit there may be, there is certainly not the spirit of candor or justice. From the tone in which Dr. Huntington speaks of the "Anti-Trinitarians," no one would ever believe that for twelve years at least he was a zealous member of that body, and as open in his denunciation of this "mystery" as any of his present opponents have been. So lately as April, 1854, he delivered a discourse on the Incarnation, which has since been printed and widely circulated, in which he says emphatically (the italics are ours): "*I object to Trinitarianism in any and in all forms in which it can properly state itself, and for the following among other reasons. First*, because neither the word Trinity, nor any other corresponding to it, is found in the Scriptures, which would certainly have supplied it if it had been wanted. *Secondly*, because to the very idea of Trinity proper there is necessary the assumption that Christ was literally not derived from the Father, nor dependent on him, *which is contrary to Biblical teaching. Thirdly*, because it insists on going back behind God revealing himself, into God as he is in essence, entering into the interior relations of the Divine nature, undertaking to settle the abstract psychological facts of God's being, roughly handling with mortal understanding what human knowledge can never find out, and, instead of leaving the divine mystery of the Son's generation as an object of wondering faith, interposes a sharp-cut dogma of absolute Eternity, condemning all that differ. *Fourthly*, that it introduces in the Divine nature itself a certain rigid grammatical and almost unclassical division, often *practically recognizing*

*three Gods instead of one*, confusing the mind and disturbing the simplicity of worship. *Fifthly*, that whereas the whole strain of the New Testament implies a certain filial subordination on the part of the Son, even in his higher nature, — as that he is *sent* by a Sender, has power *given* to him by a Giver, prays to one that answers, — Trinitarianism overlooks these facts, or else accounts for them by breaking up the singleness of Christ's nature into two opposites, making, instead of one nature with a twofold aspect, two distinct natures, a human soul and a divine one, thus marring its beauty and hindering our communion. *Sixthly*, that it asserts the distinct personal independence of the Holy Spirit, instead of representing that Spirit, as the Scripture does, as proceeding forth from the Father and the Son. *Seventhly and finally*, that it presses a new speculative or metaphysical distinction beyond all *the extent of any practical or evangelic use*, thus sundering believers that ought to stand shoulder to shoulder, and preventing the master from being honored as he deserves in the harmony of his undivided fold. These are my objections to the Church doctrine of the Trinity." And further on he says, "I believe in the *strict and simple unity of God, and not in a Triune God.*" And among the conclusions "*fixed*" in his soul from which he has no "tendencies" to carry him away, these are reckoned.

Every one of these seven reasons for not believing the doctrine of the Trinity Dr. Huntington now repudiates, and we presume that he would consider himself, in using them, as "tampering" with an "Evangelical principle." But such an evidence of the fallibility of "*fixed conclusions*" will naturally modify our estimate of his judgment concerning the "tendencies" of the faith which he once professed and defended. A man has the right to change his faith and to repudiate utterly all his former opinions, even after professions of matured confidence and eternal allegiance. But the statements of such a person concerning his former faith are to be very cautiously received, and to be taken with large allowance. No sudden convert is a reliable witness concerning the views he has abandoned. In proportion as his friendship was more ardent, his hostility is more bitter, and his rhetoric of defence becomes

his rhetoric of attack. The most vehement advocates of slavery in New England are those who were once prominent in the Anti-slavery ranks; having once left that fellowship, there is nothing too harsh or unjust for them to say concerning their former associates. Dr. Huntington's remarks in this Introduction, concerning his former faith and his former brethren, show that the same rule holds good in regard to religious converts. And, however acceptable his picture of the Unitarian community may be to his new friends, he cannot expect that Unitarians will accept it as fair, or allow that, in contradicting so distinctly what he has stated so often in the pulpit and from the press, he states now "things just as they are." They will prefer his former "fixed conclusions" to his present shifting inspirations, and believe that the body of which he only six years ago said, "I should not know where to go in search of a better," has not in these six years degenerated to a fellowship "peculiarly fit to be left."

And yet it will seem strange that one who was contented to remain so long pastor of a Unitarian church, and to take the honors and emoluments which the Unitarian community so freely gave him, should repay this confidence by such slighting and contemptuous speech. While some things which Dr. Huntington says about the Unitarian churches are true, are confessed and lamented by the most earnest within the body, other things equally true, which would balance, and more than balance, these defects, he omits to mention. He makes sweeping charges in cunning phrase, without alluding to any of the facts which modify these charges. For instance, he says the reliance of Unitarianism "on domestic, to the disparagement of foreign missions, has not been justified by any adequate religious impression on the poorer classes." The impression here intended to be left is, that the work which Dr. Tuckerman instituted some thirty years ago has proved a failure,—that it has not built up, as it was designed to build up, the sect of Unitarians among the poorer classes. In answer to this insinuation, we say that it was never the design of the Unitarian Ministry at Large to make a sectarian impression among the poor. Its object was charitable, and not dogmatic. The religious impression which it designed to produce it has



abundantly produced. No agency ever established in any sect has wrought more genuine and more adequate results. Not only has it gone far beyond the idea of its founder in the Unitarian body proper, but other sects have copied it, and it still continues to enlarge its beneficent work. The catastrophes which are continually coming to destroy the work of foreign missions only convince Unitarians the more of the practical wisdom of that course which relies more upon the distribution of the Gospel of charity and compassion at home. If there is any religious agency in the American Church which has not failed, which has yielded fruit sixty and a hundred fold, it is this. It is Dr. Huntington's pleasure to cast a stone at this work of benevolence, the spirit and the results of which have been so long before his eye, and to the value of which, if we mistake not, he has borne public and emphatic testimony.

Another charge which Dr. Huntington brings against the Unitarian body is, that "the tone of pulpit discourse and of ceremonial observance has been lowered and secularized." The sources of this charge are not given. Is Dr. Huntington, rarely privileged to hear the discourses of his brethren, able to say with confidence what is the prevalent tone of public discourse in the Unitarian churches? If it be meant by this statement that preaching in the Unitarian body now more than formerly takes hold of the real interests, cares, and concerns of men, interests itself in the various departments of human labor and human thought, — that it borrows more illustrations from the world, and is less technical, less formal, and more familiar in its style, — we admit the fact and rejoice in it. And this merit — for in our view it is a merit — we cheerfully accord to the style of Dr. Huntington himself, whose widely popular sermons are redundant in illustrations drawn from every source, — in the anecdotes which his large memory has treasured, and which give to his discourses an interest that for popular use abundantly atones for their poverty of thought. The Unitarian pulpit has shared in the change which has come over the pulpit in all living churches. But we shall not believe, for this reason, that its tone has been lowered, or that it deals less now than formerly with the real Christian duties

of men and their relations to God. We believe that a comparison of the sermons preached in our body now with those preached when the Unitarian movement began here,—preached by those who are entitled to be called representative men,—will show a loftier spirituality, a higher religious tone, a deeper insight, and a more profound sense of sacred things. The charge which Dr. Huntington brings is one which the volumes of printed discourses, on which alone he has the right to base such a charge, will by no means justify, and the reproach, if reproach it be, lies not more against the Unitarians than against other religious sects. Will Dr. Huntington charge it as an evidence of the failure of Orthodox Congregationalism, that Mr. Beecher's sermons reach the popular heart, are read by everybody, and are so continually taken as specimens of the true style of preaching? Is Spurgeon's popularity to be made an evidence that the Baptist experiment has failed? Or will he find an ill-omen for the future of Episcopacy from the fact that the discourses of Stanley and Kingsley and Robertson are more secular "than the discourses of the old divines."

Another strange statement which Dr. Huntington makes concerning Unitarian zeal and benevolence will be new to those who are acquainted with the history of the body. He says, "the enthusiasm that makes aggressions, and the confidence that gives money, are both palpably abated by the confession, and yet to the endless surprise of its public advocates." Now admitting that the Unitarians are not and never have been an aggressive and proselyting body, and that they have lost very much from their sectarian communion by this lack of aggressiveness, yet the facts show that they were never so aggressive as now. The last few years have shown a wider propagation of their religious connection, and a larger increase in the direct agencies of their body, than any previous period of their history. More ministers, converts to their faith from the faith of the exclusive sects, have been welcomed into their body within the last twelve months, than in any year of the "forty or fifty" which Dr. Huntington assigns as their term of age; and the vacancy which his retirement leaves has, in number at least, and perhaps in something more, been already fourfold filled.

The special contributions in money have been steadily increasing, and if Dr. Huntington had taken the trouble to consult the reports of that Unitarian Association of which he was once an officer, he would see how much more liberal are the churches in caring for it than they were twenty years ago. The gifts of the single Unitarian Society in St. Louis within the last ten years exceed all the contributions of the Unitarian body in that period when Dr. Huntington would have us think it was so liberal and powerful. Antioch College alone is an answer to the charge that "the confidence that gives money has abated." It is indeed urged, that enough is not given, that we do not the half or a tithe of what we could do or ought to do; but this very importunity, this very urgency of lament, is a proof that enthusiasm is more living, and that there is quicker sensitiveness to religious needs. The same plea is pressed by the other religious bodies. Large and various as are the gifts of the Orthodox sects to specially religious causes, they are continually reminded that enough is not given. And if anywhere the lament be repeated, that there is lack of zeal in Church extension and of gifts in its behalf, it is in the journals of the Church of which Dr. Huntington has just become a member. The "endless surprise" at the small amount of money donations is not peculiar to the Unitarian body; and gross injustice is done when this is cited as evidence of their "failure." Dr. Huntington has had too many personal proofs of the "confidence that gives money," to bring hastily a charge of waning generosity against the body he has left.

Another count in this indictment is that, "far more than the best friends of the cause are willing to allow, rationalistic notions have been diffused among the ministry and the laity, till it is about equally difficult to ascertain what many of them believe, and on what authority their remaining beliefs repose." We suppose part of this charge to be true. We shall not deny that the large fellowship of the Unitarian body, like the broad fellowship of the Episcopal Church, both in England and America, includes many who hold "rationalistic" opinions. There are, doubtless, many ministers in our connection who openly preach, and many laymen who gladly hear, such views as Jowett defends at Oxford, and Temple delivers before the British



Queen. But what we do deny is, that these men as a class are not able to state clearly what they believe, or to give a reason for the faith which they hold. It is the characteristic of rationalism in religion that it has *reasons*, that it believes with the eyes open, and that, however few its articles of faith may be, they are at least distinct and tangible. Whatever else may be said of the theology of Theodore Parker, no one can deny that everybody understood his position, and that he understood it himself, and could state it in very plain language; a fact which has not been true of the theology of Dr. Huntington for the last five years, and, judging by his recent address at Worcester, is not yet true. So much ought to be allowed to the rationalists, in simple fairness. The obscure statements in the Unitarian body are not on that side.

But while there is on one side a tendency to rationalism in the views of many, clergy and laity, fostered by the free thought of eminent writers in the English Church, perhaps even more than of writers in their own communion, there is also a tendency in the other direction, and many who are quite contented with their position in Unitarian pulpits, and have no idea of leaving this, hold views which many Orthodox churches would freely consent to. Dr. Huntington is pleased to say, that the Unitarians show now "a bitter intolerance of all differences which diverge toward the faith of the Orthodox Church." Such intolerance, if it were real, might find some excuse in the treatment which Unitarians have received from Orthodoxy in years past, and in the denials of the Christian name and of saving faith to those of a more liberal creed which an inclination in that direction is apt to produce. But we deny that it is real. We deny that the orthodox section of the Unitarian body, if such a phrase may be permitted, has been more roughly handled for its "divergences" than the more radical section. Dr. Huntington himself, once its most prominent representative, has been throughout most tenderly treated, and the epithets which have been unhesitatingly used in speaking of the rationalist party have been withheld in speaking of his productions, even when they were most unsatisfactory, both in style and matter. He has not been denied the Christian name. His motives have not been publicly called in question. He

has had credit for honesty, and for earnestness, and the unfavorable criticism has been mitigated by large concessions to the ability and the religious zeal which he has seemed to manifest. If Theodore Parker had been as tenderly treated, the rationalist party might never have gained that wide sympathy which it seems to Dr. Huntington to have in the Unitarian body. And much of this apparent sympathy with rationalism is but the natural reaction from the unjust severity used toward it. The necessity of being kind toward those who have "orthodox tendencies" — some of the most devoted pastors, and some of the most philanthropic laymen of the connection — has taught Unitarians the propriety of being just to those whose learning, courage, and freedom of thought have led them into friendship with rationalism.

At the same time, while we allow that the religious thought of the Unitarian body has kept pace with the progress of the age in religious science, and while we rejoice that it is not afraid to try the conclusions of scholars and to accept what is good, we dare to say that the average faith of the body, the faith of the great majority both of clergy and laity, is as positively Christian as it ever was; that it rests on as sure foundations; that the personal work of Christ forms a more favorite and frequent subject of discourse than it did thirty years ago, and that the divine side of the Saviour's life and character is brought into more frequent relief. Is it not true that many of those whom Dr. Huntington would perhaps call, on the ground of their apology for rationalism, semi-rationalists, found nothing in his view of the incarnation which contradicted their faith, and accepted the metaphors which he used about Christ, for substance, if not for taste? It is a noticeable fact, that a rationalistic criticism and an orthodox religious philosophy are able comfortably to affiliate and coexist in the Unitarian body, as they do in more than one of the Orthodox sects. We affirm with confidence that there is more of the mystic and pietistic element in the Unitarian body now, more that deals with the profound and (to use Dr. Huntington's favorite word) "august" verities of faith, than there was in the ethical and controversial time of the sect in the last generation. Let our multiplied hymn-books, which have borrowed so much of de-

vout poetry from Methodist and Moravian and Catholic sources, which are used even in the chapels where "rationalism" is preached, and which have universally driven out the older and colder collections, refute the slander that in tolerating rationalism the Unitarian Church has lost its warmth or its strength. We know at least one pastor, whose sympathies are with liberal views in theology, who finds the hymn-book partly compiled and supplied by Dr. Huntington an adequate and consistent aid in his public ministrations.

The statements which we have thus far noticed are the proofs which this writer offers of the "disastrous practical experiment" of American Unitarianism. But he mentions a "general inherent infirmity" of all defences of the Anti-Trinitarian position. Unitarians, he says, "can, at best, claim for their view only that it superadds a benefit of some sort to them that would be safe without it; while the Trinitarian believes, on what he considers the assurance of Revelation, that his doctrine, wrought with a full or a fainter consciousness into the soul's life, is the needful wisdom of God and power of God unto the salvation of the world." This ingeniously worded passage manages to misrepresent the Unitarian view, while it does not commit the Orthodox to any untenable position. In the first clause of the sentence the writer *individualizes*, while in the second clause he *generalizes*. The inference which he intends to leave is, that the Unitarian, denying that God damns eternally any man or any soul for errors in doctrine or lack of knowledge, therefore virtually teaches that no religion is needed to save men. Yet he only ventures to say that some sort of evangelical doctrine, clear or obscure, acknowledged or unacknowledged, is God's needful instrument in *saving the world*. So say the Unitarians. They say that the Gospel of Christ, the truth of God which Christ preached and lived, is the needful instrument in "saving the world." They believe, as much as the Trinitarians can, that the world, the race of men, is to be saved, redeemed, purified, and made God's people, by the Gospel which Christ brought. And they are not to be excluded from this position because they do not accept as Gospel all the Pagan elements which philosophy has added to the Gospel. Unitarians have nowhere preached or taught that the



world will be saved without the Gospel of Christ. They have not, indeed, taught that the heathen shall perish everlastingly from their ignorance of this Gospel, or that all who have died out of the pale of the visible Church are concluded in utter and eternal woe ; — will Dr. Huntington, even, in his new connection, be bold enough to advocate that view ? But they have presented the view which they hold of Christianity as truly essential to the light, joy, spiritual health, and salvation of mankind, both here and hereafter, as any Orthodox sect. They do not offer their Christianity as an extra benefit to those who are well, safe, and holy already, but they offer it as a reforming, a healing, a renewing agency, to those who are in ignorance, in sin, and in darkness. The Unitarian, not less than the Trinitarian, believes “that his doctrine, wrought with a fuller or a fainter consciousness into the soul’s life, is the needful wisdom of God and power of God unto the salvation of the world ;” — even the most lax Unitarian will assert this. His doctrine does not merely “superadd a benefit,” but it supersedes falsehoods.

We shall not quarrel here with Dr. Huntington’s estimate of “The New Discussion of the Trinity,” that it has “less than Channing’s eloquence, less than Norton’s learning, a less elevated piety than that of Worcester and the Wares.” It has at any rate eloquence and learning and piety enough to serve the occasion, and to answer the assertions of the Orthodox side, which has not in this instance a champion of the calibre of Woods or Stuart, either in learning or in dialectic skill. Time will show, if this new discussion serves “better to illustrate the losses than to restore the strength of the denomination.” We ought to be grateful that Dr. Huntington is so much “comforted” concerning “the more religious portion of the people called Unitarians,” and that he concedes so much to the clear tendency of their life and speech “even where they are.” Yet we cannot, as he seems willing to do, limit this class of “true Israelites” to those who use Orthodox words and phrases, or disclaim responsibility “for negations and profanations.” Religious Unitarians are not those merely who bewilder their hearers with pious words, but those who show in their lives the spirit of Christ, love for man, and love for God. “The piety of

the Wares," which Dr. Huntington seems to approve, was consistent with a form of Unitarianism which rejected utterly these ambiguous "historic" words, and which was nurtured in this "isolation" which he so much deprecates for his "religious" brethren. We are willing to take the chance of usefulness for Christ in a connection which satisfied such a man as Henry Ware, and satisfied him to the last hour of his life. It may be that Dr. Huntington will find in his new connection greater "opportunities for gospel efficiency" than he has found in the body where he had so wide an influence; but we would suggest that the verdict will come with more weight, after he has had in this new connection an equally long trial and experience. The advice of a new convert in a matter like this is not to be taken as absolutely judicious: and those who feel that they are working to some purpose and doing good "even where they are," will do well to wait until some great results of these recent changes can assure them that their position is "fit to be left," and that Orthodoxy offers a larger field. The most efficient work for Christ is not done in the sects which have the widest embrace or the most difficult creeds. *Heretics*, so history tells us, have done more in their day than their Orthodox opponents. Luther and Calvin and Wesley were heretics in their own time, and their opinions are still classed by the great "historic" Church among "heretical phenomena." Channing lost no influence by taking and maintaining the extreme Protestant ground, and Mr. Beecher does not find it necessary to his "gospel efficiency" that he should wear the trammels of any ecclesiastical order, or repeat the Shibboleth of any church. If the "phenomena" of our time prove anything, they prove that an independent position is the most favorable for religious influence,—that a man works best when his relation to his brethren is one of religious fraternity and not of ecclesiastical order, and that a living man may do as true a work for Christ in a small as in a large body, in the Unitarian as in the Roman Church. The "embarrassments" in the first case are certainly less than in the second, more especially as the theory of the Unitarian connection permits the largest individual liberty. Dr. Huntington insists that "no amount of verbal disclaimer can release religious Unitarians from responsibility for

the negations and profanations" within their connection. Does he, as an Episcopalian, consider himself responsible for the negations and profanations of the new volume of Essays by members of the English Church, or for any heresies that members of the Church on this side of the ocean may chance to express?

Dr. Huntington is much consoled by the admission in an article in a former number of this Review, that a doctrine of Trinity may be so stated as to contain Gospel truth. The writer of that article, whom he charitably describes as "as much in earnest as his philosophy allows him to be," "nullifies" the article "with a placid acknowledgment that he has a decided personal inclination to the doctrine of Athanasius!" The article, it will be remembered, distinctly denies that the doctrine of Athanasius is a doctrine of *Tripersonality*. The whole force and stress of the argument is against such a doctrine; and it seems to us insulting to the writer of that article to suggest that his words mean anything more than he says that they mean, or that his admission of a Trinity of offices is a concession "wrung out" in spite of "so many motives to suppress it." Probably many Unitarians will disagree with the writer of that article as to the expediency of using a word which is so closely associated with an idea which he, as emphatically as any other Unitarian, rejects. But if he choose so to use it, explaining it as he does in the most unequivocal manner, his words of explanation are not to be set aside as mere "literal counter-words." The writer of that article is not one who is accustomed to use words to conceal ideas, to hide his thought in a cloud of stately rhetoric, or to say one thing when he means another. He is to be taken as honest and earnest when he states what he does not believe, as well as when he states what he does believe; and no candid reader will say that his article renders any aid or comfort to the doctrine of "Tripersonality." One who gets such comfort must get it at the cost of impugning the honesty of the writer; in which case, the testimony would seem to be of little value. And when Dr. Huntington, speaking of this article, decides its result by saying that "it yields all that historical orthodoxy (except for some unavailing protests) would care to demand," he either



impeaches the honesty of the writer, or he gives up the doctrine of Tripersonality: his readers can tell which of these alternatives he has intended to take. "Historical orthodoxy," however, is in itself an ambiguous phrase. The historical orthodoxy of the early Church, we presume to say, in spite of Dr. Huntington's unproved assertions, is a very different thing from the orthodoxy of the Middle Age or the modern Church.

Of the *three* writers in "The New Discussion of the Trinity," who have, in the language of Dr. Huntington, "any actual theological importance," one is answered in the style we have just remarked upon. Another, whose close, logical, and exhaustive treatise might deserve more adequate attention, is dismissed by the statement that his "most forcible objections" are "those of a Trinitarian believer, who had weighed them all, and was a Trinitarian of the Trinitarians notwithstanding." The article in the "Monthly Journal" certainly does cite Dr. Bushnell as a witness against Dr. Huntington. But it cites him as a witness whom Dr. Huntington had previously cited, and on whom he relied, and it shows that Dr. Bushnell's idea of the Trinity, and estimate of its proof in history, is quite contrary to that of Dr. Huntington. It shows, in the most conclusive manner, the witness whom Dr. Huntington cites, to be really a witness against him. But this is not by any means the whole or the "most forcible" part of that article in the "Monthly Journal." Nine reasons are there stated why Unitarians reject the Trinity. Each one of these reasons is discussed in connection with Dr. Huntington's positions, and with *only one* of these is the name of Dr. Bushnell connected. Probably most readers will treat that reason as the least weighty of all. The style in which Dr. Huntington deals with this most generous, manly, and Christian argument upon his theories, is an unworthy return for the kind and fraternal words with which the article closed. It is an evasion, and not an answer.

Of the third of these writers who have "any actual theological importance," Dr. Huntington remarks, that "he contents himself with the ingenious paradox of pretending, in the face of the whole record and common intelligence of reading men, that a particular historian, Neander, was not a Trinitarian."

Which one of the numerous writers who have noticed and exposed Dr. Huntington's misrepresentation and misquotation of Neander is here meant, remains uncertain. It required very little scholarship to detect a blunder so patent. We suppose, however, that Dr. Huntington here refers to the communications in the "Christian Register," over the signature E. A., of a well-known and most accurate Greek scholar, whose learning on all points of Biblical and Patristic philology is second to that of no man in New England, who never ventures quotations at second hand, and takes care to have full authorities for every point that he makes. In all that E. A. says about Neander, he takes pains to give *Neander's own words*, and he leaves "intelligent readers" to infer from these words what Neander's opinions were. But the important point which he discusses, and *decides from "the record,"* is not what were Neander's private theological opinions, but what he states as an historian concerning the Biblical and historical foundation of the doctrine. Dr. Huntington had quoted Neander as saying that "the doctrine of the Trinity is the fundamental article of the Christian faith." E. A. shows that this statement is exactly the reverse of the truth; that Neander said no such thing; that his real statement is, that "the doctrine of the Trinity does *not* belong to the fundamental articles of the Christian faith," and that there is no other "fundamental article" to be found in the New Testament than "the annunciation of Jesus as the Messiah." This is the point at issue, — Neander's testimony as an historian to the Biblical argument for the Trinity, and its character as a fundamental doctrine. And if, after the ample discussion of E. A., Dr. Huntington has the hardihood to claim Neander as a witness to his view of the Trinity in Scripture, no one can doubt who "abuses" this eminent historian. A much stronger phrase than "ingenious paradox" will be needed to characterize such assurance. And we may remark, that it is safer to learn Neander's real opinions by reading his histories, than in taking them at second or third hand from any self-constituted interpreter.

Having thus in a short single paragraph generally "disposed of" the articles in "The New Discussion of the Trinity," Dr. Huntington, in the manifesto before us, proceeds to mention

two remarkable reasons why the strictures on his unlucky sermon should "lose their support." The first is that the sermon was "an exposition of some of the practical uses" of the Trinity, and not a systematic and exhaustive treatise. We agree to the latter statement. It was neither systematic nor exhaustive in any proper sense of those terms. But it was an argument, intended as an argument, and put into the form of an argument. It offered proofs, and it cited authorities, and it made very positive dogmatic statements. And we cannot see why a pretended practical purpose should shield such a discourse from the treatment to which all arguments are liable. Is bad logic to be overlooked, because the discourse is practical? Are loose and careless assertions to be left to do their mischief, because the aim is rather to show how *comforting* a doctrine is, than how true it is? Are we to let misquotations and blunders stand unnoticed, for the reason that it would "take several hundred pages" to tell the whole truth? The excuse is preposterous. A man has no more right to be illogical, inaccurate, and careless in his practical, than in his strictly theological writing. When he prints what he has written, he is responsible for the statements he has made, whatever his ostensible purpose. Strictures upon words and sentences do not depend for their force upon the intentions of the writer. And any controversialist or dogmatist who is too indolent or too busy to look up his authorities, or too ignorant to understand them, and too fond of great words to adjust nicely their logical coherence, might plead in excuse a "*practical purpose.*" Such a plea cannot be allowed. Truth and good sense are as necessary in practical preaching as in any other.

A second deprecatory reason which Dr. Huntington offers is, that "the reviewers constantly confound what the sermon claims for the great doctrine of the Trinity itself, as the historical faith of the Church and the revelation of the Bible, with a comparatively unimportant exhibition of its author's mode of stating and interpreting that doctrine." This is a curious plea. What were the reviewers reviewing? Were they reviewing Professor Park, or Professor Taylor, or Edwards, or Calvin, or Augustine, or the Nicene Creed? None of these. They were reviewing Dr. Huntington's sermon,—just that.



And the particular form of Trinity they were called to discuss, the particular argument they were called to meet, was the form and the argument brought forward in this special sermon. They were not called to separate the *claim* for the doctrine from what is said about it; or to consider that a Sabellian Trinity may be true, while Dr. Huntington is advocating a Tripersonality. They had the right to take the doctrine which Dr. Huntington believes and defends as that which he finds in the Bible and in the Creeds; otherwise, the whole argument were needless and foolish. If Dr. Huntington were not defending his own view, but the view of some other person, or some vague, indefinite view which could be suited to any preference, why did he not state that fact in the beginning; it would have saved all this discussion. But he cannot so get away from responsibility for his words. His statement and interpretation of the doctrine *are* the doctrine for the time being, and for the purposes of the argument, as much as Newton's statement of the doctrine of gravitation is that doctrine, or Priestley's theory of "dephlogisticated air" is for the time being the doctrine of the vital fluid. When we examine a writing, we judge what it means by the opinions and statements of the writers, and not by any general notions which we or other persons may happen to have on that subject.

With these apologies for his sermon, Dr. Huntington proceeds to approach, "face to face," three "grand sources of light on this question" of the Trinity. "The first of these sources is in the Holy Scriptures." Mr. Bickersteth's catalogue of texts seems to Dr. Huntington sufficiently to demonstrate that the whole Bible, the Old Testament and the New Testament, is not only pervaded, but illuminated and glorified, by a cumulative and overwhelming proof that Christ is God, "the Beginning and the End, the Alpha and the Omega, the First and the Last." The argument (or *theophany*, as he would style it), he says, is "*unanswerable*." In speaking of Mr. Bickersteth's book, we have expressed our estimate of that argument. As we look at it, such an argument confuses, perverts, and misreads the Scriptures in the most amazing manner. It is sad that any mind which has been trained in those principles of hermeneutics which are accepted in all respecta-

ble schools of theology, Orthodox or Unitarian, should consent to such a violation of all sound canons of Biblical criticism. The argument, if unanswerable, is so, not because it is strong or convincing, but because its basis is untenable, because it involves principles which fair criticism and good sense disallow. It is unanswerable as was an argument for the Trinity which we once heard from an inmate of one of our prisons. God said, "I am the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. Now here are three persons mentioned and only one God." Of course, it is a waste of time to plead against such literalism.

Professor Huntington's second source of instruction in the Trinity is in "man's higher intuitions and cognitions." Now whatever metaphysics or mystic thought may suggest of a threefold action of God, it is certain that the doctrine of Tri-personality, of a Triune God, contradicts utterly the native mathematical sense. We would here oppose, if it were necessary, mathematics to metaphysics. But it is not necessary. For defenders of the Trinity almost universally insist that their doctrine is above reason, transcends the power of the human mind, and must be received as an unintelligible mystery. It is not to be apprehended by any "cognition." We are quite willing to accept Dr. Huntington's proposition to leave to "any fair jury of learning in the world" the question, if there is any foundation in reason for the doctrine that God has three persons, three personalities, three individualities, and yet is only one God. That is the question; not whether reason recognizes various divine agencies or forms of manifestation, not whether it does not conceive God, now as Creator, now as Redeemer, and now as Sanctifier, — here in his relation to Nature, there to sinning man, and there again to purified souls, — but whether reason gives ground for *Triunity*. We say that it does not. And we set over against Dr. Huntington's *dictum* the innumerable statements of Trinitarians, born and taught in that faith, that the doctrine of Trinity is one which reason does not justify and could never discover.

We shall not here touch the question concerning the "ascendant school of philosophical thought," whether it be Christian or infidel. Those who know what books are read with

most avidity, what names are most widely celebrated, what theories pass current in the conventions of science, can judge that for themselves. We shall be glad if the Christian teaching of our professors of colleges and our theological schools can really be shown to overbalance the infidel and materialistic theories which find such acceptance in Germany and France, and even in England and our own land. But Dr. Huntington assumes more than he can prove, when he would characterize as "Trinitarian" the Christian philosophic teaching of all the men who happen to be professors in Trinitarian colleges. We venture to think that this doctrine of Trinity enters very little into the metaphysical or ethical lectures of those who profess it, — that it has more part in their creed than in their academic discourse. The University of Oxford, to mention no other, is an evidence that eminent men can subscribe to a creed, while their academic teaching ignores, if it do not nullify, the articles of that creed. Mr. Bancroft is a good authority in questions of American history; but his wild judgment concerning the Triune God, as "inherent in every system of thought which can pretend to vitality," will hardly offset the judgment of such thinkers as Jefferson and Humboldt.

The insinuation of Dr. Huntington that the writer in the *Christian Examiner* is "vexed by disappointment," is all the more unworthy, that it is left without explanation; while, at the same time, the want of that explanation makes it unmeaning and powerless. And we do not envy a writer who can sneer at a body from which he has received such honors, and of which he was until recently a prominent advocate, as one "of which a great majority of men are still provokingly uninformed." A great majority of men are still indifferent to metaphysics of any kind. And if the tone of thought is to be decided by majorities, the chief end of man will be to get money. Unitarian vanity may be as great as Dr. Huntington would represent it. But Unitarians have a right to claim that the number of those who oppose their theology or their philosophy shall not be taken as the index of weight. Shall the influence of Harvard College upon the thought of the land be measured by comparing its list of professors with the numbers in the lists of Orthodox colleges? It may be that Unitarians



are few in number ; but we may be pardoned the conceit of thinking that their views are somewhat diffused beyond the circle of their own communion. Channing is known by not a few in Europe and America who suffer the sound works of their own doctors to remain unread. This testimony to "scholarship and wit and wisdom and talent," comes from without, as well as within ; and in spite of Dr. Huntington's cavils, we have no fear but that the Unitarian body will continue to gain and merit such testimony.

"The third confirmation of the faith of the Church is found in its own Providential history and in the mouths of its long line of glorified witnesses. That anybody who has read that history and listened to those witnesses should deny that Trinitarianism has been the creed of the Church from the days of Christ and the Apostles will appear incredible in exactly the measure that we advance to a thorough acquaintance with the record." Exactly the reverse of this is true, as has been shown again and again by the reviewers of Dr. Huntington's sermon. He does not venture now to assert in so many words that the doctrine of Tripersonality is taught in the writings of any Father of the first three centuries. That would be too bold an experiment on the credulity of his readers. But he patronizingly apologizes for the obscurity of the "old writers," and their "singular union of minute speculative distinctions with a copious figurative phraseology," regretting that it should perplex "the mind as to the real, substantial, common belief of the Church, outliving and underlying all these superficial agitations." Reduced to plain English, this vague talk means that, though the Fathers do not seem to teach it, yet the faith of the common people was Trinitarian. Where does Dr. Huntington get his information in regard to the common "underlying" faith of the Church ? What documents are to prove this faith, if not the writings of contemporaries, received in their time as authorities ? What right has he to assume that the doctors of the Church misrepresent or fail to represent the faith of the Church ? The language of these "old writers," though undoubtedly figurative, is yet clear enough to show what they believed and what they did not believe, and in this respect will compare favorably with the

theological writing of Dr. Huntington, who ingeniously substitutes in the next paragraph the word "Threeness" for Trinity. It is a pleasant begging of the question to imply that, because the "praises, confessions, and exhortations of the second century" make use of the Apostolic benediction, they therefore prove the acceptance of the doctrine of the Trinity, which this benediction does not contain; and that the reason why the doctrine was not in the creed yet, was that there was no need of it. Transubstantiation might be much more clearly proved in this way; for did not the pastors of the second century, when they broke bread at the Lord's table, say, "This is the Lord's body"? We defy Dr. Huntington to produce a particle of proof that the Triunity, the Tripersonality of God was *set forth* in "the praises, confessions, or exhortations" of any century before the fourth. His third point, too, is accurate only so far as it gives the final results of a long and passionate series of debates, extending over more than a century. Trinitarianism, indeed, at last got the majority in the councils and the patronage of the Imperial Court, and, in the exercise of its power, decreed that the doctrine of God's unity was fatal heresy. Unitarians have no desire to break the force of this fact. In the view of the majority of the Church, their doctrine is heresy, and has been so for more than twelve hundred years. But they are far from allowing it to be an "unblessed enterprise," to prove from the authorities themselves of the Church that what was voted into the creeds in the fifth and sixth centuries by turbulent majorities does not really represent the teaching of the first, second, and third centuries, much less of Christ and his Apostles. If Dr. Huntington has any sources of information other than these "old writers," than these Church Fathers, let him mention them. But until he does mention them, the recognized authorities must stand: and the recognized authorities are against his view.

In a short paragraph upon "developed doctrine," Dr. Huntington comes to the rescue of Neander, and shows how this great historian, whom he has himself so strangely misrepresented, has "been abused" by a "respectable Unitarian writer." With all deference to this new view, we shall continue to think that what Neander says, he means, and

that his theory of *development*, so far as the doctrine of Trinity is concerned, does not differ essentially from that of Dr. Newman. He does not find the doctrine in the Scripture, and he does find it in the creeds half a dozen centuries later; and his account of its origin is such as any candid Catholic scholar would give. Any reader of his chapter on this subject in the "History of Christian Dogmas" can see whence he derived the Trinity, — not from Scriptural sources, but from the engrafting of Greek philosophic ideas upon Christian teaching. And Neander is a witness, moreover, that the average faith of the Church followed after, instead of anticipating, the faith of the teachers. Basil, he says, wished to teach the divinity of the Holy Spirit in the fourth century, but did not dare to.

Dr. Huntington closes this extraordinary Introduction by a new declaration of his own exceeding comfort in the doctrine of the Trinity, especially as affording an adequate atonement for sin. His own experience assures him that the sin of man is so great as to require a dying God to expiate it. He seems to teach (though here, indeed, his language is ambiguous) that God died on the Cross in Christ; and he intimates that the "benign splendors of the Bible" illustrate that view. We shall not use the "harmless privilege" of deciding the orthodoxy of this view. That may be done by Dr. Huntington's new brethren. However deep may be our consciousness of sin, we trust never to reach such a view of depravity as will require the physical sacrifice of Almighty God to atone for it. The "intuitions" which lead to such a view must be unspeakably dreadful. We do not covet Dr. Huntington's Paradise, if to gain it we must pass through such a Purgatory.

This strange production which we have been rapidly dissecting, is dated at "Cambridge, Monday in Whitsun week." It is a singular fruit of the Spirit to follow the celebration of the Christian Pentecost. It is a signal evidence that the fruits of modern conversion are not always accompanied by what Paul enumerates as the graces of the Spirit. Such an exhibition of temper and duplicity as this will more than neutralize any harm that the defection of one so popular might do to the Unitarian cause. Many will regret that the strong words which



Dr. Huntington in former years uttered for the Unitarian faith have been so bitterly denied, and that the Tracts, "What do ye more than others?" and "The Strict System and the Easy," which the Unitarian Association continues to publish for their excellence, can no more have any weight from the name which they bear. How great the contrast between the profession of ten years ago, — "If Christ be Deity, he is no longer in the nearest sense our example; — infinitely removed above us, he has not sympathized with human sufferings, nor been the pattern of human virtue, under human trial," — and the present worship of a dying God! We crave no light which, in reconciling us to such blasphemy, makes us forget the example of the Master. And we agree with what Dr. Huntington once said of the sense of total depravity, which now seems to him to require the self-immolation of the Infinite Lord of Heaven, — that "nothing can be devised to cripple the soul so utterly, and then so utterly to excuse it, as this strange opinion of human manufacture."

But this notice has already been too far extended. In answer to the hard words and harsh insinuations which Dr. Huntington has uttered of the brethren he has parted from, and the denomination he has left, we set down these words of his earlier and wiser period:—

"As a denomination, — for we are compelled to use that word yet a little longer, though waiting for the time when the names of divided sects shall be merged in the one great name of Christ, — as a denomination, we profess to have found better doctrine, to have sprung up upon a higher standing-point, and to see by the insight of a more single-eyed and spiritual affection, than our brethren. We claim to have outgrown the ritualism of Rome, the narrow exclusiveness of Calvinism, and the assumption and intolerance of Oxford and the English Church. We have cast off the gross conception of God as more than one in his nature, seeing plainly that that honest mistake had its origin in a pagan mythology. We have rejected the poor absurdity, so injurious to the sublime office and simple dignity of the Saviour, that the Deity suffered in his person, and in our stead, to satisfy his own stern indignation, and as a sacrifice to himself, — himself being very God. We have refused so to trifle with intelligible Scripture as to take, in place of the truth written there, that man is formed in the image of God, and, though liable to sin as to virtue, yet his child, and naturally capable of obedience,

— we have refused to take, in place of that inspiring truth, the unworthy dogma that we are born in the fatal likeness of evil spirits. And we congratulate ourselves, and thank Heaven, for being set free from those dark delusions. We are glad and grateful to be on the returning way to the simplicity of our Master and his gospel; to see in the Supreme Spirit one tender Father; in Jesus, a Saviour, and His Son, offering forgiveness if we will have faith in him and repent, teaching us righteousness, brotherly love, and purity of heart in daily action, and disclosing to us, by example and precept, that to live like him is life immortal; in our own natures, to read the capacity either to be miserable in sin, or to find joy, and strength, and ever-growing excellence, by serving devoutly that Father, and by believing and following humbly that Saviour. We profess, then, to be Christians, not like others only, but to have arrived at clearer views of human life, and our duties and relations to the unseen world. Then let us have done with saying so merely with our lips, and prove it by our deeds. And if the question be put to us tauntingly or reproachfully, "What do ye more than others?" let it be answered in our closer nearness to Christ, and our more faithful imitation of that perfect Pattern."

---

ART. IV. — LESLIE.

*Autobiographical Recollections by the late CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE, R. A. Edited, with a Prefatory Essay on Leslie as an Artist, and Selections from his Correspondence, by TOM TAYLOR, ESQ., Editor of the "Autobiography of Haydon." With Portrait. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860.*

THE life of an artist, in the abstract, would seem one of the most tranquil, independent, and desirable. When adopted from love and with the requisite capacity, and followed with rectitude and aspiration, we should imagine it at once harmonious and elevated. Such, however, is often the sensitiveness of the artistic organization, the indifference of the multitude, and the conditions of practical success, that the record of no class of lives is more shadowed by misfortune or marred by perversity than that of the lives of artists. Cellini's skilful hand was as frequently employed in knocking down an enemy, as in carving a chalice; Salvator's name is associated with turbu-

lence as often as with the picturesque; the bitter controversy between the romantic and classic schools of France wrought as much woe as many theological or political strifes, and the suicidal despair of Haydon finds its parallel in many an artist's career. Moreover, jealousy, want of tact, improvidence, egotism, and moderate abilities are frequent and fruitful sources of error and privation. When, therefore, we meet with one who is true to himself and his vocation, who finds contentment in the love of beauty and the patient exercise of talent, and hallows his endowments by manliness, benignity, and faith, it is at once a duty and a pleasure to recognize his worth and analyze the causes of his success. The latter will be found to consist in elements of character by no means rare, in opportunities accessible to many, and in principles within the reach of all. It is delightful to contemplate such a life as Charles Robert Leslie's, — so consistent, satisfactory, and complete. Endowed with exquisite perceptions and a happy temper, eager for improvement, patient both in study and under criticism, with a keen relish of the intellectual, a fine sense of the humorous, with high and loyal social instincts, — honorable, genial, and refined, — he thoroughly enjoyed the blessings, earnestly cultivated the powers, and nobly used the privileges of genius. His success was as much the result of character as of talent, as directly the fruit of good sense and good feeling as of fortunate circumstances. Hence his autobiography and correspondence inculcate a precious lesson for the profit of others of like tastes and purposes.

He was eminently true to his convictions, — satisfied to do what he could do best. Few painters have wasted less time in vain attempts to work beyond their sphere, to sacrifice their individual gifts at the shrine of fashion or ambition. He soon learned wherein to him peculiar excellence was attainable. He thought and wrote in 1813, that, "to insure a picture currency, it is necessary that it should tell either some Scriptural or classical story." He believed then in Benjamin West more than in Raphael. Hogarth had initiated, and Wilkie had triumphed in, the then unrecognized field of the domestic and characteristic; sympathy with the household literature of his vernacular suggested to Leslie a new phase of this neglected



branch ; and herein he found his mission. He had the sensibility to feel and the sense to follow its attractions. Having deliberately chosen the work best adapted to his powers, he systematically cultivated all means of progress therein ; studying the elements of design, the laws of form, expression, and color, in the Elgin marbles, the cartoons of Raphael, the masters of the Flemish school, and other masters, like Paul Veronese ; seeking subjects in the favorite scenes and characters of standard literature and inspiration from nature, the "comedy of life," and the graces and gifts of superior men.

Leslie's culture, as herein revealed, is singularly harmonious and complete ; indicating, with remarkable clearness, the mutual relation of the arts,—how they interfuse as mental resources, and mutually interpret each other when studied with practical wisdom. It is true that specific branches of painting demand peculiar kinds and degrees of discipline,—that each department obtains facilities from somewhat diverse resources,—and that the pictorial range most congenial to Leslie derived advantage from tastes and habitudes not available to the same extent in other cases ; yet his methods and means furnish no common lesson, and commend themselves to the sense and the sentiment so essential to excellence in all art as a vocation. Expression is the constant aim,—the grand desideratum ; its scope in this instance was refined, human, familiar,—embracing the comic and the characteristic, rather than the sublime and ideal ; and for this the painter looked to society and the drama,—to literature and life,—not in their grandest, but in their most delicately significant phases. We can imagine no better school, therefore, than the stage at the period of Leslie's early studies. His love of the drama was an affinity. When, a boy, in Philadelphia, he stood absorbed on the "flies" to see Cooke perform, and won his employer's co-operation in his project to become a painter, by the crude but faithful likeness he made of that great actor, he was unconsciously exhibiting both his claim and his endowment for his peculiar career. To him the theatre was a grand life-school ; fortunately, he enjoyed its palmy era. The dramatic element of his art was thus made familiar. His earliest letters from London are filled with descriptions of the Kembles, Mrs. Siddons, Kean, Elliston,

Young, Downton, and the other living masters of dramatic art. Not a trait was lost upon him; he sketched their faces, criticised their manner and costume, compared them with each other in different parts, and, by careful and sympathetic observation, became an adept in all the delicate shades of personation, the nice analogies of expression and sentiment. We are disposed to attribute no small degree of his aptitude in giving the right expression with his pencil to imaginary characters, to the facts and principles he thus acquired. When we remember how monotonous is the dress, conventional the manner, and prosaic the aspect of every-day London people, it is easy to conceive what a refreshment to the fancy, and how suggestive to the painter, the English theatre must have been. The instinct of genius led this artist in his youth to practise rigid economy, and undergo great personal inconvenience in order to witness the performances of the best actors. His reminiscences of them, by their precision and vividness, testify to his intellectual obligations. Campbell, in his well-known tribute to John Kemble upon his retirement from the stage, has eloquently compared the dramatic and the fine arts; and while he justly asserts that the former includes the latter, he recognizes the law of compensation in the fact that what the drama gains in completeness it loses in permanence. But the philosophical truth is, that these arts, if not mutually dependent, are at least mutually inspiring, in a manner and to an extent rarely so distinctly shown as in Leslie's experience. His artistic success is an impressive tribute to the practical value of the stage. Lamb renewed his humanity at that now desecrated shrine; but Leslie obtained there the choicest materials of his graceful art. It was at the theatre that he realized the infinite possibilities of human expression, and intelligently traced the relation of thought and feeling, fancy and character, to the wonderful transitions of physiognomy, attitude, and gesture.

Next to the stage, and more directly, Leslie was indebted to literature. The affinities between this pursuit and that of art, often recognized, have seldom been so exquisitely displayed as in his career. Indeed, his tone of mind, his scope of execution, the spirit he was of, seem almost identical with those of a certain class of authors. Character and scenes were the sub-

jects upon which he instinctively expatiated ; but they were of a special kind, and peculiar to English literature, and the popular masterpieces, in the same vein, of two foreign tongues. When we examine the more felicitous results of Leslie's pencil, and read his favorite authors, it is easy to perceive that only an accidental difference in the mode of expression prevented the limner from being an author. He looked at nature and life with the same eyes. What the poets and romance-writers he loved, translated into words, he embodied in outlines and color. We detect the dominance of his peculiar taste in art in his choice of books while yet an art-student. Still later, the same tendency is evident in his social proclivities ; and his works bear testimony to his ability to reproduce on canvas the characters so akin to his inventive faculty as to make them appear like original creations instead of suggested themes.

His correspondence with Irving is a charming illustration of the possible kindness between an author and an artist. Not only were his early sketches the pictures which his friend's writings impressed upon his sympathetic fancy, but such was the normal affinity between them, that the companionship of each was apparently essential to the other. The burden of their letters when separated was to ascertain precisely how they were respectively employed. Irving, sensitive and reticent as he was by nature in all that regarded himself and his works, freely and fondly wrote and talked to Leslie of what he was doing, hoped to accomplish, or failed to realize. He longed for his presence, his counsel, and his sympathy, and reverts to their "tea-kettle debauches," their visits to fairs and the play, their conversations and excursions, with the partiality and the regrets, not of romantic friendship, but of an intellectual necessity and moral resource. On the other hand, the artist cannot see a fine landscape, or an odd scene, — the grace of nature under a novel aspect, or the comedy of life in the shape of a casual adventurer, — without wishing his friend "partaker in his happiness," that to the personal advantage thereof may be added that other rare and benign privilege, "division of the records of the mind." One is glad his brother artist is "getting on so well with his picture ;" the other hopes his dear absentee is "in the mood for writing." They suggest



subjects for one another; they indulge in playful badinage on their early privations; they mutually condole and cheer and congratulate, with the frankness and fervor only possible to kindred spirits. One uses, to describe his forlorn consciousness when alone, the expressive phrase of feeling "lopsided;" the other begs for a letter as for mental sustenance. "I not only owe to you," writes Leslie to Irving, "some of the happiest social hours of my life, but you opened to me a new range of observation in my own art, and a perception of the qualities and character of things which painters do not always imbibe from each other." How apt are some of the hints the author gives the limner, either for a new subject or an improved treatment of one already adopted; and how cordial and wise are the words of praise, of criticism, or of encouragement, with which the latter reciprocates! It was while detained at an inn at Oxford, with Leslie, that the subject of one of Irving's best humorous sketches — "The Stout Gentleman" — was suggested, to be worked out when their journey was resumed in a "pencil-ling by the way." Doubtless the name of the bankrupt husband, in "The Wife," was adopted from the painter's, — then unknown to fame; and how like an artist is the project of a composition, representing Shakespeare arraigned for deer-stealing, sketched in a letter from Geoffrey Crayon; while no small secret of his own style is hinted when, in answer to Leslie's matter-of-fact correction of a passage in the "Sketch Book," he inquires if it will not injure the melody of the sentence? "I am delighted to find your labors are to be so interwoven with mine," writes the author of the "Sketch Book" and "Knickerbocker" to the illustrator of those works. But it was not chiefly in mutual work that their early careers were thus identified. The aid which only genuine sympathy can give — the choicest inspiration of art and literature, as well as life — quickened and moulded their development. This process and principle is evident in a less degree, but continuous and efficient, throughout the artist-life of Leslie, and in his communion and companionship with Newton and Rogers, West and Constable, Scott, Allston, Coleridge, Wilkie, Turner, Stothardt, Kenney, and many other eminent artists and authors. It is impossible to estimate either the impulse or the

discipline for refined and admirable achievements, which Leslie thus realized. To the companionship and sympathy, the insight and example of these select intelligences, his conceptions and his executive skill owe much of their excellence, not on account of special teaching, but through the potent influence of a mental atmosphere which enriched and chastened the genius of the painter. In the case of Irving the intimate and genial relation is more distinctly apparent, and its fruits better defined. It has also all the freshness and beauty of youthful associations; and it is interesting to note its continued recognition when time, distance, and fame had separated the two friends. We can appreciate Irving's declaration, — "I find nothing to supply the place of that heart-felt fellowship;" and when we visited Leslie, four years before his death, the earnest and minute inquiries he made about Irving, and the interest with which he listened to every detail of his welfare, showed, even to a stranger's eye, the undimmed glow of that early love.

It was natural that Leslie's first success in his peculiar department of art should be in treating a dramatic subject, — the *Death of Rutland*, from *Henry VI.* Thenceforth, with the exception of an occasional portrait, a few Scripture scenes, and some historical pieces, popular literature furnished him with congenial subjects. With the instinct of genuine talent, he sought in that pleasant table-land of the Muses — where less impassioned phases of humanity find expression — the appropriate subjects for his pencil. There are vastly higher flights of imagination, deeper revelations of the soul, characters of more earnest and vital power, scenes grander and more tragic, than those he selected; but none more adapted to the delicate triumphs of the limner's art, more expressive of the pleasant and healthful side of human life, or better fitted to become household favorites. He gave a "local habitation" to some of the choicest creations of comic and domestic literature, made familiar to the eye what had long charmed the mind, and emphasized by delineation the wit and pathos which before haunted the fancy in vague and varying, instead of definite images. Think of the gallery of endeared ideal portraits, for which we are thus indebted to Leslie! — Sir Roger de Coverley, Master Slender, sweet Anne Page, Falstaff,

Sir Toby Belch and Aguecheek, Autolycus, the Merry Wives, Dame Quickly, Beatrice, Perdita, Don Quixote, Sophia Western, Viola, Hermione, Sancho and the Duchess, Uncle Toby, the Malade Imaginaire, Widow Wadman and Belinda, Jeannie Deans, Hotspur, and Lady Percy.

To appreciate the success of an artist in such works it must be remembered that every one of these characters was and is an ideal favorite ; that all sympathetic readers of Shakespeare, Sterne, Fielding, Molière, Cervantes, Addison, and Pope cherish a personal feeling towards imaginary portraits of their favorites. The painter addressed exacting critics and fond spectators every time he essayed to embody these conceptions of the dramatist, the novelist, and the humorist. To say that he gave satisfaction, often high delight, always pleasure, is awarding no ordinary praise. To meet the demand of such an ordeal required not only the ability to give accurate expression, the conscientious study of costume and accessories, the harmonies of Art, as well as the truth of Nature, but a rare degree of judgment and taste was also requisite in order not to offend the preconceived standard of excellence, the moral verisimilitude present to the countless minds to which these subjects were "familiar as household words." However inferior to sacred or historical art, therefore, his sphere may be in the estimation of the ideal aspirant, the standard it was indispensable to reach, both as to technical merit and felicitous invention, made Leslie's success a rare triumph. The period of Leslie's studies and first achievements was one of transition ; it was a new era in literature, art, and politics. The supremacy of West in historical painting was still undisputed. Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Hogarth represented the recognized victories of the English school, and their influence is obvious in the practice and the ideas destined to excel in a different department from that in which these consummate artists gained renown. The precepts of Sir Joshua were authoritative with Leslie, and few artists better appreciated the great portrait-painter of the previous age. His latest work was a biographical tribute to Reynolds. The approbation of West was Leslie's pride, his criticism a law ; while no one can examine the touches of nature in his most expressive figures without feeling



how much Hogarth's manner suggested. A new and remarkable school of English artists, at this time, simultaneously wrought marvels; some of them — such as Flaxman, Martin Stothardt, Fuseli, and Constable — with genius above and different from the current taste. Others, like Wilkie, by the most acute treatment of familiar scenes in common life, or, like Turner, by a fresh, bold, and masterly style in landscape, especially in aerial perspective, opened a new and popular field of pictorial art; Etty in flesh-tints, Sir Thomas Lawrence by elaborate elegance in portraiture, and Chantrey in statuary, raised the character and fame of local art to a prominent though limited rank.

The arrival of the Elgin marbles in England awakened in the better class of artists a new perception of the ancient ideals, and the grandest method of following the teachings of nature. Landseer's marvellous skill in delineating animal life had made evident unimagined possibilities of meaning and merit in what had been deemed an inferior branch of art; and the beauty and effect attained by the best painters in water colors, had established novel precedents. Another fact singularly conspicuous was the great progress and increased popularity of engraving in England, — whereby popular pictures were multiplied. The pictures of Leslie were remarkably adapted to the burin, and thus became more valuable and famous. He advocated the admission of superior engravers to academic honors, from a grateful sense of his obligation to their skill.

The stage had reached its acme of celebrity; the novels of Miss Burney, Mrs. Radcliffe, and Miss Porter had yielded to the historical romances of the Great Unknown, and the sensible narratives of Maria Edgeworth; a new poem by Scott, Byron, or Moore, was the literary sensation of the day; the tocsin of political reform had sounded; Lord Brougham's versatile powers and Horner's eloquence made an epoch in Parliamentary debates; famous travellers and *savans* rendered the soirées of Sir Joseph Banks attractive; the stage-coach had not been superseded by the railway; the curfew was yet tolled in remote districts; Napoleon's meteoric career made foreign news a perpetual military drama; it was the era of Percival's assassination and the war of 1812, of Waterloo and Trafalgar; — and

all these elements of civic and social life were more or less influential in that education of circumstances, which, despite his comparative seclusion from the world of affairs, shape the mind of the artist. A call from Scott to inspect his unfinished picture of "Christmas in the Olden Time;" a sojourn at a noble domain, or a visit to an old castle; a trip to Paris to explore the Louvre; attendance at the theatre to witness Mrs. Siddons's last appearance; a breakfast with Rogers, to meet a literary or artistic celebrity; a twelve-hour's vigil in the Abbey to see Victoria crowned, or a more brief and sad attendance there to behold the obsequies of West, — these and such as these were the opportunities and the exigencies which Leslie's times yielded; — enough certainly of outward interest to recreate and enlighten the mind in the intervals of an absorbing vocation.

How efficiently Leslie's social developed and disciplined his artistic life! In such memoirs as his we feel the blessedness of rare and true companionship. The "cheerful, innocent, scrambling student-life;" the subsequent period of youthful and manly work, enlivened by mutual counsel and fun between "Geoffrey Crayon," "the Childe," and the "dear boy;" and the succeeding great social privileges which came with renown, — all contributed felicitously to the success as well as happiness of the painter. Among the incidental means of this kind to which he alludes with satisfaction, is the "Sketch Club," whose meetings were held at stated periods at the residence of each member, in succession. Two hours were assiduously devoted to sketching a subject only announced at the moment; and the compositions became the property of the host of the evening. We had the pleasure of examining one set of these impromptu sketches, executed at Leslie's house, and sent by him to relatives in America. The subject was "Night," and it was marvellous how varied and complete were the results of the brief pastime. One artist treated Night for its sentiment, and drew lovers by moonlight; another made a picturesque effect of cliff, tree, and shadow; Stanfield had a fine sea-view in a midnight storm; a humorous sketch delineated a court-yard, with cats fighting, and an old fellow in his nightcap ludicrously expostulating from a high window; — in short, the nocturnal in nature and life was exhibited under

every aspect, from the most romantic to the most natural ; and the cleverness of design, the degree of finish and individuality of each sketch, gave one a pleasant idea of the facility of execution attained by the artists. Leslie believed in mastery of ideas in art, more than imitative or technical skill. Even in portraiture he often gave the most expressive touches from memory, and commanded, to a singular extent, the requisites of facile execution in his chosen sphere. One of Leslie's latest pictures was the famous scene from the "Rape of the Lock," where the climax of that dainty social drama occurs. It was an excellent subject for the artist, giving him ample occasion to exhibit the graceful and effective grouping, the exquisite finish, refined expression, and apt costume, wherein lay his special force and fancy. We had the pleasure of seeing this picture on the easel, and recognized the process of patient study, consummate judgment, and intuitive taste, with which Leslie elaborated his conceptions. The picture was a reflex of social life, as well as a bright fancy. It is minutely true to the ideal story and the local circumstances.

To an American reader few portions of Leslie's *Recollections and Correspondence* will have a more speculative interest than those which illustrate the patronage of Art in England. The kind of dependence upon noblemen, habitual among first-class painters, has been regarded by many of our intelligent countrymen as inimical to self-respect and unfavorable to originality. It has been thought to involve a deference in matters of taste, and a conformity to arbitrary conditions, inconsistent with the freedom of genius and the dignity of manhood. The fact that, in many instances, aristocratic hospitality is extended to the artist alone, while his family are ostracized from the circles where he is a favorite guest, has also seemed irreconcilable with our republican and domestic notions. That, in specific instances, there is ground for these prejudices against Art-patronage in England, — that artists of distinguished ability have been meanly subservient to rank, and compromised the independence of their vocation and character, that "thrift might follow fawning," — it is useless to deny. But there is another and a better side to this phase of artist-life in Great Britain, which is one of the most auspicious and creditable aspects of



her social life. Elaborate works of art require not only time, but a free mind and a confident mood, for their execution ; — both of which conditions are liable to be forfeited through the limited means and domestic necessities of the artist. Hence the most desirable, nay, essential encouragement for him is a liberal friend, who, by securing him ample remuneration, enables him to work without anxiety or haste, and whose knowledge of and interest in art make his sympathy not less inspiring than his patronage. There are many and beautiful examples of such a relation between the nobleman of fortune and the painter of genius. Leslie himself was eminently fortunate in this regard. The friendship of Lord Egremont, so spontaneous in its origin, considerate in its manifestation, and constant in its exercise, is one of the most pleasing episodes in the artist-life of Leslie. Lord Egremont's first commission to Leslie, his generous offer when the latter hesitated whether to abandon his vague prospects in England for a certain but limited employment in America, the annual visits of the artist and his family to Petworth, the facilities for study and recreation there so unostentatiously afforded him, and especially the warm, unwavering sympathy in his art, and interest in his welfare, which this kindly and endeared nobleman exhibited, make the record a charming exception to all that is derogatory in patronage ; for that equivocal term was superseded by the more genial relation of mutual respect, taste, confidence, and affection. The patronage was of that rare kind which is the offspring of appreciation, — the consequence of an affinity of mind. The love of Art and her worthy votaries is, indeed, a delightful trait of the cultivated and the munificent ; it often redeems rank from commonplace and selfish associations, and elevates its possessor into a minister at the altar of humanity. It is more or less characteristic of the English aristocracy. Lord Carlisle's first object, after landing in Boston, was to find Allston's studio ; and Lord Ellesmere signalized his visit to America by liberal commissions to our best landscape painters. No unprejudiced reader of Leslie's Autobiography, who is cognizant of the obstacles to success in historical and *genre* painting, can fail to realize how much his talent was fostered, his taste improved, his labors cheered, and his efforts inspired by the

generous, intelligent, and sympathetic patronage he received from royalty, rank, and men of fortune. Devoid of this, at that period and under his circumstances, it is difficult to imagine how he could have worked auspiciously in a sphere so dependent upon individual appreciation and encouragement. It is not surprising that he loved England and felt at home there, both as regards society, art, and congenial influences. He lived to witness a surprising change in the resources of artist-life; for there is no more striking fact in regard to this subject than the munificent patronage which the wealthy manufacturers of Great Britain now extend to Art. Some of the choicest works of modern painters are to be found in Manchester; as if by the law of compensation the scene of the most exclusive material labor should be hallowed by the love and presence of the beautiful. "Almost every day," writes Leslie in 1851, "I hear of some man of fortune whose name is unknown to me, who is forming a collection of pictures; and they are all either men of business or men who have retired from business with a fortune." Through popular criticism, engravings, local exhibitions, and the facilities of travel, Art is becoming more and more a vast social interest, losing its exclusive character, and growing into and out of the economy and the taste of modern life. Ere long its lover and student will not depend, as did Leslie at the outset of his career, upon private favor to study masterpieces. Already the Cartoons of Raphael, the best antique models and specimens of the Venetian, Roman, and Flemish schools, are accessible to the humblest seeker after truth and beauty; and the most graceful works of the living English and Continental painters may be seen on the walls of tradesmen, or in the exhibition-rooms of New York and London.

The alacrity and earnestness with which Leslie cultivated the society of those whom he thought his superiors in mind, — the habit of appreciating excellence, — in no small degree account for his progressive intelligence and sympathy. Nor was this entirely owing to his refined and intellectual taste, but in a measure to the abeyance of self-love in his nature. He was an aspirant, not alone in Art, but in character and culture. He justly regarded the companionship of original and accomplished men and women as the chief privilege of his life. Not too

sensitive or complacent to be happy with those who, in some quality or gift, excelled him, he was receptive of the good and tolerant of the objectionable in character to a singular degree. Like his friend Allston, he was a "wide liker;" and consequently among the first to recognize the early triumphs of that artist. His youthful reminiscences of Coleridge give us a most vivid and pleasing idea of that remarkable man in his prime. With Rogers he enjoyed constant and improving intercourse. For Constable his love and admiration were deep. We remember the sensibility with which, a short time after that artist's death, he alluded to him. Throwing open the window of his studio, he pointed to a church spire, at Hampstead, just visible through a sunlit mist, and spoke of their walks in that neighborhood, and tenderly said that there Constable was buried. His biography of this artist-friend is as remarkable for its modest and judicious plan as for its personal interest. His visits to Newton, at the Insane Asylum, are noted with discrimination and feeling, and his written portrait of this and many other eminent friends betrays the liberal as well as sagacious observer. Rare and abundant, indeed, were Leslie's social resources. The artists and authors, the wits and heroes of his time, in Britain, have found few such appreciative companions. Always his estimate of character is tempered by humanity, and his chronicle of society chastened by taste. Many have heard Moore sing, Sydney Smith joke, Coleridge improvise, Rogers tell anecdotes, Irving indulge his humorous vein, and Wilkie, Turner, Haydon, Landseer, Fuseli, and Stothardt talk about Art; but no one has done more catholic justice to them all, as men, than Leslie. He reached a high point of independence in his judgment, and seems to praise neglected merit with the emphasis of conviction. He did not, like the mass, "see with ears," nor wait for fame to canonize what he felt to be intrinsically great. Although a social epicure, he was impatient of fault-finders. He could relish a *bonmot* as well as a felicitous tint, and delight in the picturesque in character as well as in costume. He reverts to his early struggles with the same manly candor with which he alludes to his prosperous days; and the contrast between the time when he economized letter-postage, and waited weeks for his turn to



read the new poem from the library, and that when he was the favored guest at Petworth, lunched at Windsor, and dined at Holland House, never seems to have unduly depressed or elated one whose "blood and judgment were so well commingled." He named a son for his earliest friend, — the Philadelphia bookseller who furnished the means for his visit and studies in England; his affectionate interest in his kindred never abated; his friendships were long and loyal; and, if his eyes grew dim with tears to see the young Queen partake of the holy communion, the same sensibility was exhibited in practical kindness towards impoverished talent or humble worth.

To a generous lover of beauty, one in whom the æsthetic element is pervasive, there is something almost frivolous in the extreme opinions that exist in regard to Art. It seems incompatible with an earnest sensibility to and appreciation of the world of interest which that term, in its broad acceptation, signifies, that any school should be utterly repudiated, or that any diversity of taste should lead to differences and controversies almost fanatical. How absurd, in the retrospect, appear the violent discussions which alienated artists from one another, to the extent of becoming actual enemies, when the fierce contest reigned in France between the votaries of the Romantic and Classic schools. And now what perversity in Ruskin and his disciples to decry the old masters in the same degree that they exalt certain modern painters, and carry the "return to nature," which is the desirable principle of Pre-Raphaelitism, to the extent of pedantic puerility! A catholic taste in Art embraces all kinds, forms, and schools wherein there is anything genuine; and a liberal mind of ideal aptitude, can find somewhat in sacred, historical, Italian, Flemish, Spanish, French, English, and German pictures to delight in and admire, whenever either is informed by truth, genius, sentiment, grace, beauty, or technical skill. The limitations of the English school are self-evident. The life of a London artist is essentially different from that of one whose home is at Dusseldorf or Rome. Each place and style has its advantages and its drawbacks; we find no obstacle in recognizing them all, though, of course, there must be strong preferences. With all its niceties

of execution, household sentiment, refined and pleasing influences, the school of pictorial art which Leslie illustrated, the system under which he studied and prospered, lack scope, earnestness and glow, wide relations, and high significance. His deference for and reliance on the Royal Academy, and indifference to many spheres and phases of artistic interest and knowledge, are results of that conventional dogmatism and routine which more or less invade and narrow human development in England. It is for what he did excel in, for the manner in which he worked out the truth and the quality that he grasped, both in art and character, that we honor Leslie, and deem his example valuable and his life attractive. In exhibiting the literary affinities of Art in their more delicate manifestations, his genius was peculiar ; his social and professional obligations to authors were remarkable, and suggest vast possibilities in that direction. The truth is, his relish of character was dramatic ; Murray's shop and Sterne's Calais hotel had attractions for him almost equal to a picture-gallery. His ideal of Art and life was modified by the English standard of respectability. He loved the beautiful in minute and casual, rather than in grand and abstract forms ; and the single flower he delighted to put in a glass every morning to brighten his studio, his fastidious taste in companionship, his habit of noting his social experience, his provident, harmonious, and well-ordered life, are in striking contrast with the vagaries of German and the ardor of Italian painters. His patient, unimpassioned temperament and well-balanced mind suggest altogether a different being from those Vasari has chronicled, or such as are met at an Ostia picnic or sketching on the Rhine ; and equally diverse from theirs are his productions, — refined expression, finish, and taste far exceeding creative and ideal power or profound sentiment.

## ART. V. — GERMAN HYMNS.

1. *Evangelischer Liederschatz für Kirche, Schule und Haus.* (Treasury of Evangelic Song, for the Church, School, and Home.) Von M. ALBERT KNAPP. Stuttgart und Tübingen. 1850.
2. *Auswahl Altchristlicher Lieder.* (Selection of Early Christian Hymns.) Von FERDINAND BÄSSLER. Berlin. 1858.
3. *Evangelische Liederfreude.* (Joy of Evangelic Song.) Von FERDINAND BÄSSLER. Berlin. 1853.
4. *In der Stille.* (In the Stillness.) Von KARL SUDHOFF. Breslau. 1853.
5. *Deutsches Gesangbuch.* (German Hymn-Book.) Von PHILIPP SCHAFF. Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston. 1859.
6. *Sacred Lyrics.* From the German. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.

MANY of our readers may be glad to be made acquainted with the titles of German hymn-books which we have given above. We might, indeed, have added many more, but these are of such as we ourselves have examined. Knapp's volume contains three thousand and sixty-seven pieces. The two by Bässler comprise a copious and choice assortment of hymns, first, from the second to the fifteenth century, and then from Luther down to our own times. Sudhoff's beautiful collection — a pearl of typographical beauty, and full of pearls of beautiful thought, sentiment, and expression, which might be entitled in English (like a recent little book on prayer) "The Still Hour" — is divided into five parts, headed respectively, "Stillness before God," "Holy Times," "Faith's Conflict and Victory," "Life in Christ," and "The Last Things." Dr. Schaff's neat volume contains a remarkably tasteful selection of pieces, and is enriched with valuable historical notices of hymns and their authors. And, finally, the elegant volume issued by the Presbyterian Board, for the combined fidelity, fervor, and grace with which its translations are executed, deserves the highest praise.

We have here indicated but a few of the best reservoirs of German sacred song. We shall try to give our readers a taste of some of the streams from which they have been filled.



How many hymns there may be, at this day, in the German language, is known, probably, to some of the all-knowing Germans, but not to us. The enormous abundance of the material for the historian of this branch of literature may be imagined (or rather, its *unimaginableness* may be guessed) by the fact that an enthusiastic amateur and antiquarian, about the middle of the last century, who had collected two hundred and fifty hymn-books, numbered, in his register of first lines, sixty thousand.

To such a sea of sacred song had the few rills that gushed up in Luther's day already swelled a hundred years ago; and when one thinks what a singing race our German brethren are, and that the hymnological catalogues omit multitudes of religious lyrics, not written by Church poets, or for Church purposes, — when one considers that almost every German poet has written a hymn, and (what it is hardly extravagant to say) that almost every German author has, at least in form, written poetry, — the very conception of what may be, by this time, the volume of that ocean of German Hymnology, (to say nothing of an actual sight of it, and then a plunge into it,) is almost enough to overwhelm the mind.

Even if we confined ourselves to the popularly or ecclesiastically acknowledged hymn-writers, there are twenty or fifty men, any one of whom would supply study for an article, not to say a volume. Luther, with his sword-and-trumpet songs of the Spirit, a handful and yet a host; Gerhardt, the flower of German Hymnology; Klopstock, the classic, the pious, and the patriotic, who would fain have built and occupied three tabernacles at once, on Zion, Parnassus, and the sides of his native North; Scheffler and Tersteegen, the sweet and soul-satisfying spokesmen of the mystic Church; Zinzendorf, the leader of the most musical Moravian; Matthias Claudius, who had all the sweetness and simplicity of Luther, but only the sunny, and not the stormy side of his character; Arndt, the veteran hymnist of the Liberation War, who "shows the Church how one may be a Maccabee and yet a Christian;" — any one of these, (and how many another name!) might alone fill our allotted space with pleasant and instructive study.

With all this embarrassment of riches, our plan will be, while

not neglecting the chronological, biographical, and analytical aspects of our subject, to depend most on letting the grand, simple, sweet old singers of the Fatherland (so far as they can in our English tongue, or at least by *our* English phrase) speak and sing for themselves. And thus, if we do not steer our readers very scientifically towards any port over the great deep that has been spoken of, we may at least let them hear across the waters some genuine tones from the rich German harp.

Most of the pieces we present will probably be new to most of our readers. In a few cases we have retranslated what had been rendered before; for we have an action against the translators, too generally, that, by substituting paraphrase for translation, by smoothing and softening, by turning homely expressions into handsome ones, and direct speech into sonorous circumlocution, they have sacrificed the nerve and grit and fire of their original, and failed to represent that simplicity which gives to lyric poetry, and to German song in particular, its most peculiar charm.

We take this occasion to protest against the way in which the German Muse has been despoiled and discredited, and by men, too, who could have afforded to be generous. Holmes says:—

“Unblest by any save the goat-herd’s lines,  
Mont Blanc rose soaring through his ‘sea of pines.’  
In vain the Arvé and Arveiron dash,  
No hymn salutes them but the Ranz des Vaches,  
Till lazy Coleridge, by the morning’s light,  
Gazed for a moment on the fields of white,  
And lo! the glaciers found at length a tongue,  
Mont Blanc was vocal, and Chamouni sung!”

But the truth is, they *had* found a tongue before, in a German piece, to which “lazy Coleridge” was too lazy, perhaps, to own his obligation, though he took it, not only in spirit, but bodily, as his own,—the massive and majestic hymn of Frederika Brunn. We will try to give an idea at once of the metre and meaning of the original.

“Up from the fir-grove’s shadowy silentness,  
Trembling I look to thee, brow of eternity,  
Dazzling peak, from whose lofty-summit,  
Yearning, my soul to the Infinite soareth!”

"Who planted the pillar deep in the lap of earth,  
Firmly upholding thy mass these ages long?  
Who lifted high in the vaulted ether,  
Mighty and bold, thy beaming countenance?"

"Who poured you down from old Winter's eternal realm,  
O jagged torrents, with rumbling thunder's roar?  
And who commanded loud, with voice almighty,  
'Here shall be stayed the stiffening billows'?"

"Whose finger points yon star of the morning his path?  
Who crowns with blossoms the rim of eternal frost?  
Whose name sounds out in terrible harmonies,  
Through the din of thy waters, O wild Arveiron?"

"'Jehovah! Jehovah!' crashes the bursting ice;  
Avalanche thunders roll it down through the gorge.  
'Jehovah!' sighs in the rustling tree-tops,—  
Whispers in murmuring silver-brooklets."

Few of our readers, perhaps, are fully aware how much our English hymn-books owe to the German Muse. Not to speak of our indebtedness to the Moravian genius for Montgomery's sweet, solemn, and stirring strains, and to Germany for the pieces which the Wesleys translated, we may say that many of the pithiest and most pregnant lines or phrases in the Methodist Collection, those which are best remembered for combining meaning and melody, are of German extraction.

There is a piece accredited to Bowring in Greenwood's Collection, beginning,

"The heavenly spheres to thee, O God,  
Attune their evening hymn,"

which is really a translation, in a slightly changed metre, somewhat more flowing, but hardly more majestic, from the German of Matthison. It runs thus:—

"To Thee, Almighty One, ascends the spherul hymn!  
To Thee, All-merciful, the song of seraphim!  
The whole creation joins in praise sublime and tender,  
Where planets roll, and suns pour forth eternal splendor.

"Thy temple Nature is; how full, O heavenly King!  
Of thy mild majesty! The flowery dress of Spring,  
The Summer's billowing fields, and Autumn's golden hour,  
And Winter's silver heights, reflect thy glorious power.



"Before Thee what am I? Scarce have I drawn a breath;  
And but a span divides my trembling flesh from death.  
Yet joy and praise! The soul, its peaceful slumber breaking,  
In Thy paternal arms shall know a blessed waking!"

But our chief indebtedness to German Hymnology is not so much for the individual pieces with which it has enriched, and is yet to enrich, our sacred treasury, as for the energy with which it has made the Christian lyre and the Gospel trumpet quicken that devotion to faith and freedom, that sense of the soul's immediate relation to God and his kingdom, which, long struggling in scattered souls through ages of ecclesiastical degeneracy, found its warmest and widest welcome at last on German ground and in the German heart.

The pioneer (if he is no longer the prince) of popular psalmody was Martin Luther. But a very small part of Luther's poetry is in the form of verse; almost all the poetry he ever wrote remains in those picturesque and pungent letters of his, in his commentaries and controversies, in his sermons and speeches and pithy sayings. In these you see Luther the poet, reminding one alternately of Burns, of Quarles, and of Bunyan. Even Luther the theologian is a poet, so full is his faith of heartiness and imagination. And then how much of his poetry never was written at all! The action of his life was epic poetry transcending all speech; and how beautiful a pastoral poetry did he make out with his flute, his fancy, and his faith, in those charming home festivals, and in his garden walks and talks with his children! What little verse, however, he wrote, may well be proudly prized by his countrymen, and revered by every Protestant and every Christian, not only for its intrinsic energy, majesty, and harmony, (qualities especially remarkable when one considers that Luther was breaking ground here in several respects at once, that this spiritual Hermann had to conquer a language for himself as well as a faith,) but also for the incalculable impulse and inspiration it gave, and still gives, to faith and freedom, even where the peculiarities of his creed are rejected.

It was many years before Shakespeare wrote the famous passage about "the man that hath no music in himself," when Luther said: "There is no doubt that many seeds of splendid

virtues are to be found in such souls as are stirred by music ; and them who have no feeling for it I hold no better than stocks and stones. If any man despises music, as all fanatics do, for him I have no liking. For music is a gift and grace of God, not an invention of men. Thus it expels the Devil and makes people cheerful. Then one forgets all wrath, impurity, sycophancy, and other vices. Next to theology," — *that* was, with Luther, the music of the spheres, — "I give music the highest and most honorable place ; and every one knows how David and all saints have put their divine thoughts into verse, rhyme, and song."

We may say that there were three reasons that set Luther to writing hymns : first, his native fondness for music ; secondly, the example of that Psalmist to whose writings similarity in inward trial, and sympathy of nature, directed him for solace ; and thirdly, his sense of the necessity of sacred song to bind his unchurched followers into a free church of the spirit.

This was one of the few things he envied the Romish Church, — its majestic minstrelsy. A number of the grand old Latin hymns he translated (not without some natural dissatisfaction with the result, for he missed the Roman majesty of utterance) ; but the new experience, the new events, of the age, required that men should "sing unto the Lord a *new* song." Often he took the popular melodies of the day and furnished them with new words, as when *we* sing "There is a land of pure delight" to "Auld Lang Syne," or Kirk White's "Star of Bethlehem" to "Bonnie Doon." Sometimes he parodied, or "Christianly altered," the text of the old song itself. Thus the old ditty —

"O thou naughty Judas !  
What hast thou done,  
To betray our Master,  
God's only Son !  
Therefore must thou suffer  
Hell's agony,  
Lucifer's companion  
Must forever be.  
Kyrie eleison !" —

suggested to Luther the following : —

" 'T was our great transgression  
And our sore misdeed  
Made the Lord our Saviour  
On the cross to bleed.  
Not then, on thee, poor Judas,  
Nor on that Jewish crew,  
Our vengeance dare we visit, —  
We are to blame, not you.  
Kyrie eleison !

" All hail to thee, Christ Jesus,  
Who hungest on the tree,  
And bor'st for our transgressions  
Both shame and agony.  
Now beside thy Father,  
Reignest thou on high ; —  
Bless us all our lifetime,  
Take us when we die !  
Kyrie eleison !"

But the greatest service Luther did in this department was where he furnished both the hymn and the tune, as, indeed, it was a favorite theory among the Reformers, that the poet and composer should be one and the same person. When the Holy Spirit gives any one a song, they said, it is to be expected that he will give the melody, too. In some cases, for instance "Old Hundred" and "Monmouth," Luther's music outlived his words.

We have in all only thirty-eight hymns by Luther,—a small number compared with Wesley's thousands ; they are to be weighed, however, not counted, and weighed too in the scales of an historian's and a Christian believer's living sympathy.

These are the words of Spangenberg, in his Preface to the "Cithara Lutheri" :—

"One must certainly," he says, "let this be true and remain true, that, among all Meister-singers, from the days of the Apostles until now, Lutherus is and always will be the best and most accomplished ; in whose hymns and songs one does not find a vain or needless word. All flows and falls in the sweetest and neatest manner, full of spirit and doctrine, so that his every word gives outright a sermon of its own, or, at least, a singular reminiscence. There is nothing forced, nothing foisted in or patched up, nothing fragmentary. The rhymes are easy and good, the words choice and proper, the meaning clear and intelli-



gible, the melodies lovely and hearty, and, *in summâ*, all is so rare and majestic, so full of pith and power, so cheering and comforting, that, in sooth, you will not find his equal, much less his master."

This was written in 1545. And in 1845 the editor of Luther's Hymn-Book ends his Preface: "And now go forth, thou fine little book, and show the German people how their greatest hymnist believed, prayed, and sang."

To this Hymn-Book Luther himself gave a "Preface for all good Hymn-Books," as he calls it, headed "*Frau Musica*" (hardly a translatable phrase, which we may paraphrase the *Goddess of Music*), in whose name it was to be supposed spoken. It runs thus, and we give it in full, because we believe it has never been before Englished:—

"Far before all earthly pleasures  
 You will find these heavenly measures,  
 Which I give you with my singing,  
 And instruments harmonious ringing.  
 No evil mind can there intrude,  
 Where men sing in cheerful mood;  
 No envy, hate, nor wrath can stay,—  
 Sorrow must rise and haste away;  
 No flinty greed, nor wrinkled care,  
 Nor sullenness can tarry there.  
 And every one is sure of this,  
 Such pleasure nothing sinful is,  
 But pleases God himself tenfold  
 More than earth's other joys all told.  
 It interrupts the Devil's work,  
 When in the heart foul murders lurk:  
 And this King David well can prove,  
 Whose good, sweet harping oftentimes drove  
 The evil spirit out of Saul  
 When he on murderous thoughts would fall.  
 It makes the heart composed and still  
 To entertain God's word and will.  
 So Eliseus found it too,  
 Whose harp to him the Spirit drew.  
 It is the year's best time to me  
 When all the birds make melody:  
 They seem to fill all heaven and earth  
 With sounds of music and of mirth;  
 And chief of all, the Nightingale,  
 With her enchanting song, I hail,

Who breathes o'er all her joy and bliss ;  
Thanks must she ever have for this,  
And He, the dear Lord God, much more,  
Who made her so that she, before  
All other songstresses, should be  
A mistress of sweet minstrelsy.  
To Him, all day and all night long  
She sits and sings with tireless song.  
Him, too, my song shall ever praise  
And bless and thank through endless days !”

One does not readily imagine now what a hold Luther's little army of hymns must have taken on the people's heart. The new faith was not only a new doctrine, but a new song. God, says Luther, is calling on all the earth to sing a new song, and whoso will not join therein shows that he believes not *into* the new, joyous Testament, but under the old, lazy, unsocial Testament of the Jews and the Pope.

Hardly any of Luther's hymns are much known in English, except the one suggested by the 46th Psalm, the famous “*Marseillaise of the Reformation*,” as Heine called it, —

“A tower of refuge is our God,” —

which has again and again been translated. We have room for only a specimen or two of the style, structure, and spirit of this class of his compositions.

Almost every one is familiar with those majestic stanzas, quoted in D'Aubigne's *History of the Reformation*, and often before, beginning, —

“Flung to the heedless winds,  
Or on the waters cast,  
Their ashes shall be watched  
And gathered at the last.”

They profess to be a translation from a hymn written by Luther on the burning of two martyrs at Brussels, in 1523. They form, indeed, in themselves and by themselves, though only a fragment, a sweet and soul-stirring poem. They speak to the heart like a trumpet. But it is not just the trumpet Luther blew. It is a little more silvery than that was. To change the figure, these lines (which are rather a transfusion than a translation) represent their original somewhat as do

those ideal pictures of places painted after a lapse of time by artists of genius, and called *memories*. We can only hope to give, ourselves, a hint of the picture and the music ; indeed, it seems impossible to combine in our modern speech the strong, antique simplicity of the original, with its singular melody and harmony.

It was in the very autumn when Hans Sachs, who sat beating time on his lapstone to the music of the blessed revival, came forth with his "Nightingale," — who, soaring above the clouds, announces the return of day to a world so long slumbering in darkness, or walking in a dim, dubious, malignant lunar light, — that Luther, hearing of the good confession the two Augustinian monks had witnessed at Brussels, sent forth his hymn with a letter to the churches in those parts, in the beginning of which he says that the word is fulfilled again : "The flowers appear on the earth ; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

The hymn, consisting of over a hundred lines, begins : —

"A brave new song aloud we sing,  
To tell the wondrous story,  
What God hath done, our Lord and King,  
And sound his praise and glory.  
At Brussels, down in Netherland,  
The Lord of gifts and graces  
Hath well revealed his mighty hand,  
By two young boys, whose faces  
Now shine in heavenly places."

Then, after detailing, in precisely this measure, the particulars of the trial, condemnation, and execution, it concludes with the stanzas which we referred to as having been so freely paraphrased, and which somewhat literally run as follows : —

"Their ashes will not rest ; world-wide  
They fly through every nation.  
No cave nor grave, no tarn nor tide,  
Can hide the abomination.  
They whom the foe with murderous flame  
Had burnt to death, — upspringing,  
Lo ! in his ears they shout his shame,  
Till every land is ringing  
With their triumphant singing."



“ Let Satan’s lie go round, — ’t is vain ;  
 Soon all his arts shall fail him ;  
 God, in His Word, hath come again, —  
 With thankful hearts we ’ll hail Him.  
 Hard by stands Summer at the door ;  
 Grim Winter’s chain is broken ;  
 The tender flowers put forth once more :  
 These things His hand betoken  
 Who ’ll do what he hath spoken.”

With one more specimen we shall pass on : —

“ A HYMN FOR THE CHILDREN, WHEREWITH THEY CAST OUT THE  
 POPE IN MID-LENT.

“ We drive the Pope with iron rod  
 From church of Christ and house of God,  
 Where he has murderously ruled,  
 And many precious souls befooled.

“ Pack off, begone, apostate son !  
 Thou scarlet bride of Babylon !  
 Thou art the Beast and Antichrist,  
 Whose lies have many a soul enticed.

“ Thy Bulls and thy Decretals lie  
 All sealed and hid from every eye,  
 That robbed the world in God’s own name  
 And put Christ’s blood to open shame.

“ The Romish Dagon’s lost his head,  
 The rightful Pope we take instead :  
 ’T is Christ, the Rock, God’s only Son,  
 Whom His true Church is built upon.

“ High Priest o’er all is he, Lord Christ,  
 Who on the cross was sacrificed ;  
 His blood flowed freely for our sin,  
 His wounds the true indulgence win.

“ The Church obeys his Word’s behest,  
 Him God the Father doth invest ;  
 The Head of Christendom is he :  
 Praised be his name eternally.

“ Now summer time will soon appear ;  
 Christ send us all a peaceful year !  
 Lord, save us from the Pope and Turk,  
 And finish all thy blessed work !”

There are, of course, some among these holy songs of the Reformers, both of Luther and of his followers, which cannot, in any proper sense, be called hymns, being simple versifications of creed and commandment. Even these, however, are not without a certain poetic interest and inspiration, to one who considers what news even the old truths of Scripture were, to a newly awakened people, whose tongue was just being loosed, as well as its ears unstopped. Far otherwise was it when, as the glowing faith cooled and crystallized into creed, and Protestantism had organized itself and grew to a church and state affair, and hymn-writing became a technical business; then the substitution of rhymed homilies, or versified controversial sermons, or doggerel anathemas, for the true hymn — the voice of praise, the breathing after rest, the sinking of the soul into God — became a grievous impertinence and a gross imposition. Of this work there was more than enough in Germany during the century following Luther. No wonder that it provoked a reaction in the direction of that mysticism and quietism, which at length found a local habitation and a name in the Moravian communion.

John Scheffler of Silesia (self-styled Angelus Silesius, “a Papal angel,” says an old writer, “but a good one”) lived from 1624–77. His parents were Lutheran, but weariness of the word-warfare and the sword-warfare of the times, — of dryness in the fold to which he belonged, and distraction and distress in the world without (it was the time of the Thirty Years’ War), — impelled him to take refuge in mysticism and finally in Catholicism, where, as Gervinus suggests, his mystical theosophy could find more comfort than among the argus-eyed Lutheran theologues of his time. He, too, was one of the class of whom Jean Paul says: “They were educated to be physicians, but the Spirit said, ‘There are deeper wounds than those of the body,’ and so they became authors.” He wrote six books of rhymed epigrams, entitled, “The Cherubic Pilgrim of John Angelus Silesius, or Spiritual Sentences and Aphorisms in Verse, a Guide to Divine Contemplation.” He also wrote “Spiritual Songs of the Psyche in Love with her Jesus,” of which these verses may serve as a sample: —

"Nothing fair on earth I see,  
But it straightway shows to me  
Jesus Christ, my fairest star,  
Source of all fair things that are.

. . . . .

"Sweetly in the garden-beds  
Stately lilies lift their heads;  
But than they far higher-priced  
Is my Lily, Jesus Christ.

. . . . .

"When I to the fountain go,  
When I watch the brooklet's flow:  
Of that purest fount I think,  
In his tide of love I sink.

. . . . .

"When I see the flocks go by,  
Inwardly my heart doth sigh:  
Ah! God's Lamb, how mild is he,  
Who, as Bridegroom, weddeth me.

. . . . .

"Sweetly sings the nightingale,  
Sweet the flute-tones down the vale;  
But of tones the sweetest one  
Is the title, Mary's Son!"

There is one hymn of Scheffler's, — suggested apparently by that touching passage in Augustine's Confessions, "Too late have I come to love thee, O thou beauty, so ancient and yet so new, too late have I come to love thee!" — which is in the very finest vein of the mystic piety and poesy. He sings: —

"Alas that I not earlier knew Thee,  
Whom no man ever fully knows!  
That I not earlier clave unto Thee,  
Thou highest bliss and true repose!  
O how my heart with sorrow burns,  
That it so late to love Thee learns!

"I went astray in passion's mazes,  
I sought, but found Thee not; — my sight  
Was dazed with earthly glory's blazes,  
Enamored of created light.  
But now at length, all praise to Thee!  
Through faith Thy beauteous face I see.



“ True Sun, I thank thee, that hast given  
The glorious light of truth to me ;  
I thank thee, holy joy of Heaven,  
That thou hast made me glad and free ;  
I thank thee, O thou Power Divine,  
That kindlest this new life of mine ! ”

There was, indeed, a noble band of holy singers, even in this troublous time, who lived above the world and yet in it, — whose spirits were so finely tempered in the furnace of affliction, that their expression was only chastened into a calm serenity, and all their strains expressed the feeling and taught the lesson that faith and piety towards God are most truly proved by the quiet enjoyment of his daily gifts, and devotion to daily duty ; and the chief of these, and a name justly dearer to the German heart than that of any other save Luther, in the crowded annals of Hymnology, was Paul Gerhardt. He lived from 1606–76. The zeal with which, in the pulpit, he plunged into the theological contest between Lutheran and Calvinist, and the persecution he suffered, had no power to embitter the hopeful flow of his daily inner or outer life.

Gerhardt's hymns are pervaded by a spirit of the most cheerful and healthy piety, — a piety which shows itself not merely in direct devotion to God and to Christ, but in a pure and childlike love of nature, and good-will towards men. They exemplify Coleridge's lines : —

“ He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small ;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.”

They have the homely simplicity of Luther's, and a strength like his, if not quite equal to it, with a versatility, smoothness, and literary finish not to be found in Luther's, and unsurpassed in any period of German Hymnology.

Gerhardt has been well described as one of a class in whom Christianity appears, not in contradistinction to humanity, but as humanity itself, in its most genuine form. The critic who says this contrasts Gerhardt's unpreoccupied enjoyment and celebration of God's natural world with Luther's way of using in psalmody these familiar things. He says, “ Even when Luther

composes a child's hymn, it rings out from the mighty man's breast like a trumpet-toned choral." There are only two of Gerhardt's pieces that have become domesticated among us. The one is the ardent apostrophe to Jesus, beginning,

" O head, so gashed and bleeding,  
With scorn and shame bowed down !  
O head for sinners pleading  
Beneath that thorny crown !  
O head, erewhile adorned  
With grace and majesty,  
Now mocked, reviled, and scornéd,  
My greetings rise to thee !" —

being a paraphrase of a Latin hymn of St. Bernard's, which forms the conclusion of a series of seven, addressed successively to the feet, knees, hands, side, breast, heart, and face of the dying Christ. The other, which has also been several times translated, is the one on submission, beginning,

" Commit to him thy trouble,"

and has this quaintness in its structure, that it is a sort of acrostic, consisting of just as many stanzas as there are words, in the German, of the text, " Commit thy way unto the Lord ; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass," — each word beginning a stanza.

We give a hymn which shows his piety in a more familiar play, and which, whatever may be said of it as a lyric, is certainly a noble compend of life-wisdom : —

" Thou know'st full well thou art a man ;  
Then wherefore shouldst thou strive  
For things which only God's wise plan  
Both can and will contrive ?  
With purblind wit and stubborn will  
Through thousand cares thou gropest still,  
Forever wondering,  
What will to-morrow bring ?

" Lift up thy head, see everywhere,  
Around thee and above,  
The tokens of thy Father's care,  
His all-providing love.

Thy bread, bed, clothes, were ready here  
Before thou didst on earth appear;  
The milk awaited thee  
That nursed thy infancy.

“And yet, forsooth, thy feeble sight  
Must be life's guide for thee!  
Thou hast no faith in higher light  
Than what thine eyes can see.  
Whate'er thou purposest to do,  
Thy bleary-eyed sense must carry through;  
What that directs is wise,  
All else thou dost despise.

“How oft hast thou to straits been brought,  
For wilful passion's sake,  
Because thy vain and foolish thought  
Did death for life mistake!  
And had, then, God but let be done  
What thou hadst purposed and begun,  
Thy folly long ago  
Had wrought thy overthrow.

“But God clears up what we perplex,  
His love makes plain the way;  
He cheers us when our souls we vex,  
And guides us when we stray.  
For He is faithful, good, and kind,  
And bears a Father's heart and mind,  
And us poor silly sheep  
From ruin's brink will keep.

“How oft He hides himself, and still  
In silence works our good,  
While we, with wayward heart and will,  
Go on in sullen mood,  
Seek here and there, and nothing find,  
Because our pride has made us blind,  
And vainly strive to tear  
Our feet from out the snare!

“But God all-wise makes straight his ways,  
More sure if not so short;  
The storm he lulls, the wind he lays,  
And brings us safe to port.  
And then, when all is done and past,  
Then feeble man can see at last,  
How wise the Father's thought,  
How kindly God hath wrought.



“ Then, heart, take courage, hope the best !  
 Let care and fretting be :  
 God has a heart that will not rest  
 In planning good for thee.  
 He cannot hate thee, — no, nor yet,  
 Believe me, can thy God forget !  
 Let this quell every fear, —  
 To God each child is dear.

“ Do like a child, and lean and rest  
 Upon thy Father’s arm ;  
 Pour out thy troubles on his breast,  
 And thou shalt know no harm ;  
 Then shalt thou by his hand be brought  
 On ways which now thou knowest not,  
 Up through a well-fought fight,  
 To heavenly peace and light.”

The first half of the eighteenth century was marked by a revival of emotional religion from the old formalism into which Lutheranism had degenerated, corresponding to the little later Methodist movement in England, creating the so-called pietistic period, and bringing forward a new school of hymn-writers. The foremost of these, chronologically, and one who stands as a middle point between the Mystic and the Moravian periods, is Benjamin Schmolke, who lived from 1672–1737, “a truly pious, much-tried shepherd of souls, of eminent poetic gifts, with which he edified and blessed many. He wrote more than a thousand hymns ; — hence many less successful ones came from his pen. But not a few of them have a quite peculiar depth and warmth and an imperishable worth.” So says my Evangelical authority. Gervinus, the historian of German poetry, who is a little of what the Germans call a Philistine, speaks of Schmolke somewhat contemptuously, — with what justice we leave to be inferred from two specimens which we shall presently give. He seems to be fond of pithy, proverbial verses. One of his hymns begins : —

“ My life is where my love is ;  
 I am, where I am not ;  
 My home in heaven above is,  
 There dwells my every thought.”

Another runs : —

“Me to-day, to-morrow thee!  
This is what the bells are ringing,  
When the dead, in sorrow, we  
To the field of God are bringing.  
Graves! ye murmur solemnly,  
Me to-day, — to-morrow thee!”

Montgomery's hymn, beginning,

“Go to dark Gethsemane,”

would seem to have been suggested by one of Schmolke's, of which this is the first stanza:—

“Go, in thought, to Golgotha,  
Christian! where thy Saviour bleedeth!  
Take to heart each pang that, there,  
With thy cruel coldness pleadeth.  
Hard as rock thy heart must be,  
If thou this unmoved canst see.”

In the two specimens of his hymns which we present entire, we cannot presume to preserve the neat finish and flow of the original, but only the exact thought, a good degree of the spirit, and a fac-simile of the structure of the verse.

“AT LAST!

“Yes, at last, our God shall make  
Blessed end of pain and sorrow;  
Time's hard yoke, at last, shall break;  
Dawn, at last, that endless morrow,  
When the angel-reapers come  
Bringing Heaven's bright harvest home.

“Canaan's fields shall smile at last,  
Egypt's bondage left behind us;  
When o'er Olivet we've passed,  
Tabor's heights, at last, shall find us;  
Sorrow's midnight shades withdrawn,  
Freedom's day at last shall dawn.

“Precious words! at last! at last!  
All our crosses ye can sweeten;  
Life's free streams shall flow full fast,  
When His rod the rock hath smitten.  
Courage, heart! thy doubts be dumb!  
For 'at last' shall surely come!”

“HOLD ON! HOLD IN! HOLD OUT!”

“Hold *on*, my heart, in thy believing!  
The steadfast only, wins the crown.  
He who, when stormy waves are heaving,  
Parts with his anchor, shall go down;  
But he who Jesus holds through all  
Shall stand, though earth and heaven should fall.

“Hold *in* thy murmurs, Heaven arraiging!  
The patient sees God’s loving face;  
Who bear their burdens uncomplaining,  
’T is they that win the Father’s grace;  
He wounds himself who braves the rod,  
And sets himself to fight with God.

“Hold *out*! There comes an end to sorrow:  
Hope, from the dust, shall conquering rise;  
The storm foretells a sunnier morrow;  
The cross points on to Paradise.  
The Father reigneth; cease all doubt;  
Hold on, my heart, hold in, hold out!”

The sweetest singer of this school or period, in whom it may be said to have culminated, is one whom we have already mentioned in the early part of our paper, Gerhardt Tersteegen, — familiarly known, in his day at least, as “Father Tersteegen,” — a Westphalian ribbon-weaver, who lived from 1697 to 1769. He is the author of a beautiful hymn, which has been several times translated, but not so as to represent the liveliness of the thought and of the song: —

“Come, children, let’s be going;  
The night steals on apace,  
’T is dangerous longer staying  
Here in this lonely place.  
Come, gird your loins around;  
From strength to strength ascending,  
Courageously contending,  
To life eternal bound.

“The way shall not appall us,  
Though narrow, rough, and steep;  
For heavenly voices call us  
The upward path to keep.  
Arise and follow them!  
Trustful, all else forgetting,  
His face each pilgrim setting  
Full toward Jerusalem.



"Come, children! let us onward;  
The Father with us goes;  
His arms shall guard the vanward  
Against our fiercest foes;  
With him to guide and cheer,  
His love like sunshine o'er us,  
His truth a shield before us,  
O what have we to fear!

"Move on, serene and solemn,  
To the Commander's word;  
Behold the fiery column,  
The presence of the Lord!  
Be firm each step and eye.  
Who follows Him, unshrinking,  
Shall find, in death when sinking,  
Escape and triumph nigh.

"Come, each one cheer his brother!  
As pilgrims, hand in hand,  
Rejoicing in each other,  
We tread this foreign land.  
Come, show a childlike love,  
All wayside strifes forbearing!  
Angels unseen are sharing  
Our march toward realms above.

"And if, by foes surrounded,  
A feeble brother fall,  
Lift up the weak and wounded,  
Ye strong! — then rally all,  
Close up your ranks for God!  
Strive each to be the lowliest,  
And yet to be the holiest,  
In this our pilgrim road.

"It will not last much longer, —  
Wait, brothers, patiently!  
It will not be much longer,  
Ere we our home shall see.  
There will be endless rest,  
When with the saints we gather  
At home around the Father; —  
How blest the hour, — how blest!"

Before taking leave of the hymns of Germany in the seventeenth century with these few, meagre glimpses, we would  
VOL. LXIX. — 5TH S. VOL. VII. NO. II. 22

say a word of a sweet hymn of the widest popularity, which undoubtedly comes to us from that century, and probably, in part at least, from that country. We mean the one beginning, in our common version,

“Jerusalem, my happy home.”

It is not unlikely that this, like so many other hymns of the mystics, was inspired by the musical meditations of St. Augustine, who says, in prose that has not only rhythm, but even rhyme, in the original, “O holy city, beauteous city, from afar I salute thee, I cry to thee, I long for thee. For I desire to see thee and to rest in thee, but I am not suffered to, being detained by the flesh.”

We have not, however, succeeded in tracing the hymn any farther back than to the German of Meyfart, who was born in 1590, and in whose version it runs somewhat as follows:—

“Jerusalem, thou high-built, fair abode!

Would God I were in thee!

My yearning heart grows weary of this road,

And is no more with me.

On wings of faith it cleaveth

The cloudless upper air,

And far behind it leaveth

This world of toil and care.

“O beauteous day! and hour more beauteous still!

When wilt thou come and shine?

And I, while joy and praise my bosom fill,

This yearning soul of mine,

A chosen pledge, deliver

Into God's faithful hand,

That it may dwell forever

In Heaven, its native land?

“O honored seat! my spirit greeteth thee!

Unbar the gate of grace!

How long my soul hath yearned thy walls to see,

And find in thee a place,

To quit this world's vexation

And all its vanity,

And hail the great salvation

My God hath kept for me!

“What countless tribes, what troops of shining ones,

Pour forth from out thy streets!

All that from earth went up, God's chosen sons,  
To take their heavenly seats,  
Come with the crown, to meet me,  
And take me by the hand,  
And on my journey greet me  
Home from that tearful land.

" Prophets august, Apostles throned on high,  
Martyrs, a countless host,  
And all that bore the cross in agony,  
Mocked by the tyrant's boast,  
I see, above there, shining  
In freedom's glorious light,  
While round each brow is twining  
A garland starry bright.

" O when I reach at length that Paradise,  
And climb that heavenly hill,  
What sights of beauty then shall meet my eyes,  
What praise my mouth shall fill !  
What loud hosannas blending  
Shall fire my ravished soul !  
Through ages never ending  
What hallelujahs roll !"

When we speak of the *Moravian* Hymnology, we use the word with some latitude, signifying by it, not merely the hymns which have been written by professed Moravians, but that large class which the Moravian faith and feeling, manifested in so many quarters long before their brotherhood was organized, inspired. At the same time the Moravians have a prolific hymnist of their own, — no less a man than the founder of their order, Count Zinzendorf himself. Born in 1700, he was godson of the famous old mystic, Spener, and early a pupil of the hardly less celebrated "hero of the faith," Franke. Though some of his numerous hymns are, with all their fluency and fervor, neat in expression and pure in taste, many of them are disfigured by a childish fondling of sacred images, by that extreme of sensuous mysticism, which finds in the Song of Solomon the hints and materials of its inspiration. Here is a favorable specimen of his style : —

" Heart to heart in love united,  
Rest ye in the heart divine ;



Let your zeal, by Jesus lighted,  
 To his glory burn and shine!  
 He the head and we the members,  
 We the light, the fountain he,  
 He the master, we the brethren,  
 He is ours, and his are we.

"Come, ye children, mercy sharing,  
 And your covenant renew!  
 To our conquering Captain swearing,  
 From the heart, allegiance true!  
 When you feel your love-chain failing,  
 In temptation's mighty strain,  
 Seek the Lord in prayer prevailing,  
 Till he temper it again.

"Ah, thou gracious Friend, united  
 Keep henceforth thy chosen flock,  
 That, by thy last words incited,  
 They in heart-felt love may walk!  
 Thou, who art the uncreated  
 Word of truth and life, unite  
 All that are illuminated  
 By the clearness of thy light!

"Make our bond still wider, stronger,  
 With each other and with thee,  
 Till, on earth's whole round, no longer  
 We one severed member see.  
 When our love, a pure flame, blazes,  
 That from thee its brightness drew,  
 Then the world shall own, with praises,  
 We are thy disciples true."

In no Liturgy does so much of the expression take the hymn form as in the Moravian. The very name Moravian seems almost to convey, of itself, the twin ideas of mysticism and music. Very beautiful and wholesome, when rightly regulated, is that union of elements. But there was a period, of about ten years, in the middle of the eighteenth century, which showed the danger of letting anything but sober reason hold the reins, even (if we should not say *especially*) in religion. It has been called by the brethren themselves the period of "child's play," and seems to have led Zinzendorf to retract several of his hymns. In a Moravian Service-Book of 1823, under the head of Hymns for the Passion, we find a long

prayer in alternate verses, addressed entirely to the side of the crucified Jesus, perhaps a translation of one of those by St. Bernard already referred to. It begins: —

- “(All.) Be thy name called glorious,  
Lamb of God, that died for us!  
We hail the opening of thy side:  
Let all thy wounds be glorified.  
Angels desire to look upon  
What, for us mortals, there was done;
- (Sisters.) But angels veil their shrinking sight,  
Awe-struck with that mysterious light:
- (All.) Only the Church of Christ, the Bride,
- (Minister.) Which he has built from out his side,
- (All.) She sees his wounds in glorious light,  
With open and unveiled sight.  
Glory and thanks to thee  
Through all eternity,  
Heart that for us did break,  
Transpierced for our sake!
- (Minister.) Look up, and see the rocky cleft,  
And in the cleft the fountain-reft  
Whence you, ye saints, God's chosen race,  
Were digged and hewed of his free grace!  
Amen!”

But, with all its dangers, the idea in which the Moravian communion originated is too true to a want of the human heart to be ever abandoned; for it rests upon that word of the Master, “He that doeth the will of my Father in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother;” and the predominance of the musical element in their worship may well stand as a presentiment of the higher harmonies of the perfect Church.

## ART. VI.—ST. AUGUSTINE AT HIPPO.

1. *The Confessions of AUGUSTINE, edited, with an Introduction, by WILLIAM G. T. SHEDD.* Andover: Warren F. Draper. 1860.
2. BÖHRINGER'S *Kirchengeschichte in Biographien.* Band I. Abth. 3.
3. *Sermons on Selected Lessons of the New Testament, by ST. AUGUSTINE, Bishop of Hippo.* Oxford: John Henry Parker. 1844.

THE handsome edition of the Confessions of Augustine just published, under the supervision of Prof. Shedd, cannot fail to be most acceptable to a large religious public. The work is a reprint of the old English translation, already republished in Boston in 1843, and which has seemed to us, on a somewhat careful comparison with the original text, remarkably true to the author's meaning: but the present edition is far superior, in elegance and convenience, both to its predecessor in this country and to the Oxford translation under Pusey's supervision. The preliminary essay by the editor, if longer than need be, contains much that is valuable, and is well adapted to the class of readers among whom the book will chiefly go. Its characterization of the most remarkable features of the Confessions, however superfluous for those already familiar with them, is just and clear, and may lead fresh students into this wonderful work, which exhibits the consciousness of a great soul, so clarified by intense religious experience that the reader sees, as in a forest pool, at once the sediment which has been deposited below, and the blue heaven reflected from above.

AURELIUS AUGUSTINUS was born in the little Numidian town of Tagaste, November 13, A. D. 354. His father, Patricius, was a pagan; his mother, Monica, one of the saintliest Christian women that ever taught a child to pray. From his birth, he tells us, he was "sealed with the mark of His cross, and salted with His salt." In all his wanderings through error and sin, this mother's love was ever drawing his heart toward the heavenly peace in which she abode perpetually. She yearned over him through those long years when he filled himself with the



husks of folly and with doctrines barren as the east wind ; and at last had the joy of seeing him a believer, baptized into the Church of Christ. The loving son has preserved her portrait, drawn with filial tenderness, in the Confessions, where she appears at intervals, like an angel, above the troubled waters of Augustine's life, now receiving from the Bishop whom she consults about his errors of belief the comforting reply, " that it cannot be that the son of those tears should perish," and telling it to that son as a voice from Heaven ; again, waiting all night in prayer at a church near the sea, while he sails for Rome, having first promised her that he would not go ; following him to Italy ; and at last dying in his arms, but not until the great desire of her life was fulfilled, and her Benoni, the son of her sorrow, become the crown of her joy.

Augustine's parents spared no pains with the cultivation of his active mind. He was early instructed in all that was taught in the schools of that time, learning with ease whatever pleased him, but incorrigibly dull in distasteful tasks, and especially averse to grammatical studies. Hebrew he never knew ; with Greek his acquaintance was very superficial. This impatience of dry details, which hungered for the hidden meaning in all things, and which formed so marked a feature in his mental constitution, cost him many stripes, " as was approved by our ancestors, labor and sorrow being multiplied to the sons of Adam." To this period of boyhood Augustine looks back in after life with profound awe for that " individuality which is a kind of miniature of that mysterious Unity of Thine, whence I am derived."

Soon, however, the shadows begin to fall more darkly about his course of life. The fervid temper of his blood, quickly burnt into adolescence by that Numidian sky, drove him into miry excesses, in which he wallowed for sixteen years. " The restraining of the soul from appetite," says an Eastern proverb, " is the greatest holy war." Alas for the youth Augustine ! in this war he was conquered and led captive in ignominious bonds.

At the age of seventeen he was sent to the college at Carthage, where he passed four years in rhetorical studies, his father dying meantime. The city of Hannibal had long been

a Roman colony, and at this time ranked with Antioch and Alexandria, and shared with the latter the privilege of supplying Rome with grain. The Punic deities had fled, and

“ mooned Ashtaroth,  
Heaven’s queen and mother both,”

paled her “ineffectual fire” before the Star lately risen in the East; but Christian Carthage acquired a new celebrity as metropolitan see of one of the chief provinces of the ecclesiastical world, as the bishopric of Cyprian, the birthplace of Tertullian, and next to Rome the great focus of Christian life in the West.

While a student here, Augustine fell in with the “*Hortensius*” of Cicero, and to this now perished work of the great Latin he ascribes his first aspirations after higher things. He turned from its swelling sentences to the Scriptures for help, but found their style too humble for his taste. Intent on gratifying his fresh thirst for wisdom, he was drawn next to the company of the Manichees, and became for a while a disciple of that sect. It is easy to understand the fascination for a mind like Augustine’s, of a heresy which occupied itself with the problem of evil. Torn with the conflict in his own breast between “the law of the members and the law of the spirit,” he sought a solution of the practical problem of his own life in their confident promises; but he found only a mocking answer. He asked for bread, and they gave him dreams. “O Truth, Truth!” he cries, “how inwardly did even then the marrow of my soul pant after thee, when they often and diversely, and in many and huge books, echoed of thee to me, though it was but an echo! And these were the dishes wherein to me, hungering after thee, they, instead of thee, served up the sun and moon, beautiful works of thine, but yet thy works, not thyself, no, nor thy first works. For thy spiritual works are before these corporeal works, celestial though they be, and shining.” At this time, Augustine tells us that he “despised the religion of his ancestors as old wives’ fables, the means only whereby to gain higher truth.”

From his studies he went to his native town, where he established himself as a teacher of rhetoric; but, on the death of a dear friend, returned to Carthage to pursue his profession

there. He was a popular teacher, with his sparkling wit and fiery eloquence; but these years of outward success soon lost their glow, and remained in his memory as bitter ashes. The Carthaginian youth were too boisterous for their teacher's taste, and at last he parted from them and went to Rome, where report had led him to expect more tractable students. But here, too, he was doomed to disappointment. The Roman students, it is true, did not laugh their master down, but the way they had of leaving him for another, just as the bills became due, was equally trying. "These breakers of faith also," says Augustine, pathetically, "my soul hated." With this experience, he was thankful to be appointed Professor of Rhetoric in Milan. The tide of his life was now setting towards a peaceful haven, and Ambrose was the pilot that was to guide him into port. To the preaching of this great ecclesiastic Augustine listened,—first with curiosity, then with interest, and at last almost with conviction. He found that passages in the Old Testament might be taken "in a figure," and concluded, for a time, to be a catechumen in the Catholic Church. While yet miserably uncertain, he had that remarkable interview with a beggar in the streets, of which he has left a vivid picture,—the poor man sitting in his rags, joking and joyous, and the showy *rhetor*, preparing to recite a panegyric of the Emperor, and surrounded by friends, "panting with anxieties and boiling with the feverishness of consuming thoughts."

Still the same old question, regarding the cause of evil, haunted him, though with great hesitation he traced it to the free will. "God only, and no man," he breaks out, "knew what I suffered." And now appeared a glimmer of light from the writings of those philosophers who, as the old Fathers believed, were fed with heavenly oil by that Word who "was in the world, and the world knew him not." Some translations from the later followers of Plato "the Divine," came into his hands; he read them with deep delight in their spiritual doctrine, enjoying in them the mysterious harmony of the universe. They taught

"Wie Alles sich zum Ganzen webt,  
Eins in dem andern wirkt und lebt!"



Wie Himmelkräfte auf und nieder steigen,  
Und sich die gold'nen Eimer reichen!  
Mit segenduftenden Schwingen  
Von Himmel durch die Erde dringen,  
Harmonisch all das All durchklingen."

Their theories were gorgeous; many of their views seemed true and sublime; but still the system did not come home to his heart. He has said that a wooden key that will fit the lock is better than a golden one that will not turn it. The philosophy of Plato, lofty and inspiring as it was, would not fit into the intricate wards of the human soul. "I met," says he, with many things acutely said, and things that excite a certain warmth of emotion, but in none of them do I find these words: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'" So it happened that at length he betook himself to the Epistles of Paul, which taught him to seek God, in the language of the Moslem mystic, "by sitting in the shadow of his penitence." Slowly the doubts, which like drifts of sand had overwhelmed him in the dry and thirsty land wherein he had sojourned, were giving way, but the wild passions that had ruled him were not yet laid. Blacker and blacker seemed the sins that had entangled him. How true of him the plaintive words of Arab Ali: "The remembrance of youth is a sigh." Yes! all this round of voluptuous life at the first touch of utter remorse would crumble into a puff of dust.

"L' ora  
Del buon dolor ch' a Dio ne rimarita,"

was at hand. That powerful will, and no less powerful animal nature, that penetrating intellect, trained in all the studies of the time, those spiritual longings, more than once directed amiss, but still unquelled, were to be wrought anew, in the furnace of a great affliction, for the service of God.

The scene of Augustine's final conversion should be read in his own words. He tells us how the story of the Egyptian monks, fleeing by thousands to the desert, brought home to him the conviction that the unlearned were gaining heaven, while he was lost in the pleasures of sense; how he lay on the ground in despair, beneath the noonday sky which seemed to

him hard as brass; and how, at the mysterious words, "Tolle, lege," from a neighboring house, he opened Paul's Epistle to the Romans at the thirteenth chapter, and read, "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying, but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ;" and how finally his soul melted, unresisting, into the divine love, "like a drop of wine thrown into the sea, which presently loses its force and substance, becoming water by the great ocean which surrounds it."

Augustine abandoned his profession, and on Easter Sunday of 387, in his thirty-third year, was baptized by Ambrose into the Church of Christ. Tradition relates that, as they advanced towards the great altar in the church where the rite was performed, they composed the *Te Deum*, reciting alternate verses. The tradition is a fiction, but certainly that solemn act of fellowship might furnish the key-note to an anthem of praise from all Christian souls. Monica, overjoyed at this event, prepared to return with her son and his friends to Africa. But the time was come for her to be received into her rest. She had trusted to see him a faithful Catholic, before departing from this life; her desire was accomplished. As they waited at Ostia to take ship, she fell ill. Her friends wondered at her calmness, in view of death; she told them that she did not fear, "for God would know, in the end of the world, whence to raise her up." She died in the fifty-sixth year of her age, and the thirty-third of her son's. There is no one whose heart will not respond to the touching prayer of Augustine,—“that so many as read these Confessions may at Thy altar remember Monica, Thy handmaid, with Patricius her husband, by whose bodies Thou broughtest me into this life, I know not how. May they with devout affection remember my parents in this transitory light, who are my brethren under Thee our Father, in our Catholic mother, and my fellow-citizens in that eternal Jerusalem which Thy pilgrim people sigh after, from their exodus even until their return thither. That so my mother's last request of me may, through my confessions more than through my prayers, be, through the prayers of many, more abundantly fulfilled to her.”

With his mother's death concludes the autobiographical por-

tion of this remarkable work, in which Augustine "ravels out his weaved up follies," for the help of all true believers. It is addressed to God, tracing his hand in all the events of his life, and glows with a fervor scarcely to be found elsewhere except in the Bible. It is hard to

"tie up our visionary meanings,  
And subtile individual apprehensions,  
Into the common tongue of every man,"

without either becoming tedious or extravagant; but in these Confessions neither of these defects can be found. They are the door by which we enter the inner chapel of the saint's hidden life, and join in the penitent litanies and the hymns of rejoicing.

The crisis with Augustine was past; a mighty change had come upon him, and everything was yet strange, as to "a blind man suddenly restored to sight." After a few months in Rome, he crossed the Mediterranean to Africa, and retired, with his friends Alypius and Euodius, to a small farm near his native town, Tagaste. In that age celibacy and asceticism were regarded as essential in an acceptable religious life. The spirit of devotion must be nursed in solitude, like those lamps in ancient tombs, which went out in the first breath of common air. The little company of friends conformed to the prevalent view on this matter, and lived in retirement for three years, occupied in literary labors, chiefly polemical, against Augustine's old associates, the Manichæans.

At Easter, 391, he was ordained presbyter at Hippo Regius, at the urgent solicitation of Valerius, the Bishop, whom he succeeded, in 396. He entered this great office with a firm determination to renounce all worldly cares, convinced that "only a quiet mind can look into the commands of God." The Church was to him the ultimate arbiter in matters of faith; here he had found repose from his own weary wanderings, and this he believed to be the divinely authorized guide for all men. "There is no place," he says, "of genuine worship, outside of the Catholic Church." How must he have been grieved with the rancorous divisions which now rent the sacred fold!

Three great controversies at different periods occupied the attention of the new Bishop,—the Donatist, the Manichæan,



and the Pelagian. The first of these, the Donatist schism, already ninety years old at the commencement of Augustine's episcopate, had originated in the irregular choice of a Bishop of Carthage in 315, against the will of some of the Numidian bishops; it soon spread into a national party, extending through all North Africa, and almost outnumbering the Catholics. In Hippo itself, at the time of Augustine's investiture, the Donatists were so numerous that it was hard to find any one who would bake bread for the opposite party. Donatism was only one form of the manifold opposition to the centralizing tendency of the Church. Already Rome had become a centre of ecclesiastical power; already the Church, instead of a society of the elect, had become a multitudinist communion, the conversion of Constantine having brought a new and baser element into the Christian fold. The new sect, then, embodied the principle that the Church is not a visible, but an invisible organization, composed of the pure in heart alone, and independent of any foreign authority. The Emperor endeavored to suppress them: he ordered a general council at Carthage, 405, which punished the laity holding such doctrines by confiscation of their goods, and the bishops by exile. The Church had not yet learned that, as Lamennais has said, "The sword of persecution has two edges: it wounds to the right hand and to the left."

Augustine at first opposed these measures, saying that he had to do, "not with the sword, but with the Word;" yet he soon consented to any course that would bring heretics into the Church where alone they could be saved. And there are few more striking instances of the influence to which the greatest minds are subject from their own age. We should judge him by the standard of his age, not of ours. He attacked the Donatists with pen and voice, and became the object of a most intense hatred in return. They called him the Wolf, who should be put to death for the safety of the fold, and thought that thus they would be doing God service. He conquered, however, and, though they lingered until the Saracens overran the land, it was only as a broken sect.

The Manichæans also he continued at intervals to combat during his official life. For he had known the mischief of their

errors ; although he is thought never to have fully understood their system, and is accused of having a taint of its dualism in his doctrine of human nature.

But the most important, and to us the most interesting controversy in which he engaged, was that with Pelagius and his followers. This was no transient dispute about forms of church government, or abstract questions of philosophy ; but a subject eminently practical, adapted to the Western mind, and indeed appealing with the same interest to every human soul. The English monk, Pelagius, had taught that sin is not inheritable, but that each man comes into the world with as white a nature, with a will just as free to leave the evil and choose the good, as belonged to Adam when he first woke in Paradise. He laid great stress on the *ethical* character of Christianity ; insisted on works as distinct from faith, — a necessary addition to the latter, rather than its proper fruit ; and, in general, adopted what Neander calls “ the *quantitative* method of estimating moral worth.”

Augustine controverted these views with all his strength, as fanciful, unscriptural, and unphilosophical. Like others who have had his fiery experience, he felt a living conviction of the presence of God with man, and the constant Divine intervention in human things. He saw the inequality between man's conduct and his task ; he felt inherited sin working within himself ; and he felt, too, that it was by God's immediate grace that *he* was “ snatched from the burning.” To such an earnest soul, how paltry it seemed, to be told to “ work out his own nature : ” he had strayed in that wilderness too long.

The polemical labors of Augustine were constant and enormous, filling three folio volumes in the Benedictine edition of his works ; yet they seem scarcely to have occupied more than his leisure hours, when we consider the numerous daily claims on his time and thoughts. During thirteen years, moreover, he was occupied on his great work, *De Civitate Dei*, written after the sack of Rome by Alaric, to answer the assertion of the pagans, that these disasters to their country were a consequence of the desertion of the national deities by the Christians. It treats of the City of this World, comprehending all

who do not belong to the Church, and of the City of God, in which every Christian is a citizen, "and though the whole twenty-two books are written concerning *both* cities, they yet have received their title from the better one, so as rather to be called the *City of God*."

Like every great man, the Bishop of Hippo should be seen at home, in his routine of regular occupations. He has given us with his own hand the picture of his life before conversion, in the Confessions; his deacon, Possidius, has given us a charcoal sketch of the subsequent period.

Hippo Regius was a small seaport, "inhabited chiefly by indigent mariners and a few Roman families," famous long before as the residence of Numidian kings, but of little note among the episcopal sees at the time of Augustine's assumption of that dignity, until his name made it familiar as far as Christianity extended.

Within his own bishopric, while in all but title the Metropolitan of the West, he was a model both in public and private life. The Christian feasts in memory of the martyrs had acquired a riotous and disgraceful character; the new Bishop put them down. A father, who had disinherited his son after a quarrel, left his property to the Church, but Augustine gave it back to the rightful heir. "I refused to receive the inheritance of Boniface," says he, "not through pity, but through fear; for I was unwilling that the Church of Christ should become a ship-owner." He instituted a custom among his people, of annually giving clothing to the poor; and when it was feared that Alaric would cross over to Africa, he admonished his congregation all the more on that account to relieve the necessities of those in want. For the sake of ransoming those who were captives in slavery, he even sold the plate of the Church. He reared in his own house the clergy for all the country round. Here, in this celibate community of abstemious, devout, and affectionate friends, he took great comfort. A portion of the day was allotted to labor with the hands, other portions to reading and to prayer. "Nothing is better," he remarks in a sermon, "nothing more refreshing, than in quiet to study the divine treasury. Preaching, convincing, reprimanding, building up, caring for all, is a great load, a great



weight, a great labor." He systematically resisted the temptations of the palate, and even refused to indulge in hearing music, in which his keen sensibilities greatly delighted, unless it were religious. The furniture of the table was plain, mostly of wood, except the spoons, which were of silver: the food was equally plain, consisting of vegetables and wine, with a little meat for the chance guests, of whom there were many. All were welcome; imperial officers bearing despatches, and monks from solitary monasteries in Gaul or Britain, alike turned eagerly aside from their journey to partake of his hospitalities. Temperate in his food, he made the meal an occasion for conversation, which was one of his great pleasures: but he would allow no slanders to be spoken of those who were not present, and placed on the table the inscription,

"Whoever loves to assail the life of the absent,  
May know this table to be unfit for him."

And when this rule was violated, he would point to it, and say that either those lines must be erased, or he himself must retire from the meal. His garments were as simple as his office would allow,—such as, if necessary, he could give to a poor brother. He writes that it was his custom, "*ut interiora vestimenta lineamenta essent, exteriora lana.*" If sumptuous robes were presented to him, he sold them. Shoes he wore on account of bodily infirmity.

He concerned himself with the education of the young, and every day, clad in black gown and cowl, sat for two hours at the church gate, to adjudicate disputes among his people. Possidius compares him with Mary in the Gospel, the type of the heavenly Church, sitting at her Master's feet and hearing his words. From these meditations he brought the bread of life abundantly to his flock. What he was within the church walls may be imagined from the numerous homilies preserved to us among his works. The volume whose title we have placed last at the head of this article will give favorable specimens of Augustine's power in the pulpit. It is one of the results of that famous movement, whose current, twenty years ago, set vehemently towards the past, and which stranded many clergymen of the English Church on the Romish coast. It is interesting

from its inherent merits ; it is more interesting still on account of the glimpses which it gives us of the preacher's method in the ancient Church. We see in it the great Bishop of North Africa unbending from his abstract speculations, on which half of the Christian world waited, and instructing his humble congregation at Hippo in the elements of the truth. We can still call up to our minds the assembly of worshippers who thronged to hear him, the poor Christian slave close by the side of the African aristocrat, whose garments were richly embroidered with pictures of sacred subjects, such as the marriage feast at Cana, or the blind man restored to sight, or a kneeling penitent, in the most uncomfortable style of art. It was to this audience that he once said : " You are still young ones in the nest of faith, and receive the spiritual food ; whereas I, wretch that I was, as thinking myself fit to fly, left the nest, and fell down before I flew : but the Lord of mercy raised me up, that I might not be trodden down to death by passers-by, and put me in the nest again." Böhringer\* depicts the scene at the daily church-service. The Bishop enters, and after a brief silence reads from the Epistles of Paul ; a psalm is sung, according to the custom introduced by Ambrose at Milan ; and then the Gospel for the day is read. At first it had been the custom of the feminine part of the congregation to recline during this portion of the service, employed in gossip among themselves ; but they were soon rebuked for this irreverent habit by Augustine. Then the sermon is preached, the speaker sitting while his hearers stand, as is usual in the African Church. After the sermon, the catechumens retire, and the communion service, held daily, is commenced. " Lift up your hearts ! " The congregation answer, " We lift them up unto the Lord." The elements are consecrated by repeating the Lord's Prayer together ; and when they come to the words, " Forgive us our sins," the faithful rise and smite their breasts with their hands, in penitence. The Bishop says, " Peace be with you," and the Christians give each other the kiss of peace ; then, taking the bread and wine from the golden or silver vessels which the deacon brings, partake in silence. After a hymn of praise they depart.

---

\* Kirchengeschichte in Biographien, Band I., Abth. 3, p. 717.

Augustine displayed in his sermons much of his fervid genius. He preached constantly, often for five successive days and twice in a day. In his old age his sermons became briefer, and also more impressive. He would not hesitate to violate the laws of grammar, in order that the illiterate might understand his meaning, although yet taking pains not to bring himself *below* their comprehension. Taking a text from the lesson of the day, he would pun on it, twisting its words recklessly; but gradually, with a quaint illustration or a statement of spiritual law, would bring home to every hearer the great truth that God is *here*, and *now*. Of his puns which are famous, the following, from the Oxford Homilies, is a fair example: "*Totus hoc credidit mundus, qui non remansit immundus.*" His illustrations are sometimes homely, but always natural, and evidently suggested, for the most part, by objects which he has recently seen. Thus, to show how anger differs from hatred, he describes a cow butting at her calf. His homilies are generally expositions of the passages of Scripture which have just been read, allegorizing and mysticizing beyond the endurance of any modern audience.

"He has some passages," says Jeremy Taylor, "which a lamb might ford, and others which an elephant could not swim." Now he flies off into a mystical conceit, as where he says that the bread, the fish, and the egg, which in the New Testament the child asks of his father, denote, — the bread, charity; the fish, faith, which lives in the billows of temptation; and the egg, hope, because it looks forward to becoming a chicken. Again, he comes down to his people, pleading for the poor: "*I am a beggar for the beggars.*" Sometimes he found that a random shot, totally unconnected with the text, would hit one of his hearers whom the methodical part of his discourse had missed, as in a case told by Possidius, when he rambled off at the close of a sermon into an attack on the Manichæans. Two days after, a certain Firmus came to Augustine as he sat in his room, which opened out into the rest of the monastery, and confessed with tears that he was a Manichæan, converted by that chance word. His congregation evidently hung on his lips, and followed his calculations of the mysteries of numbers with counting on their own fingers; for in one passage in a homily which is preserved, he stops suddenly in adding up the generations from Adam to



Christ, seeing that they are beforehand with him. When he said anything which they approved, they applauded, as was usual in the churches of antiquity, but he was not content till he had made them weep. "You have heard and applauded; God be thanked. You have received the seed, you have returned an answer. But these your commendations weigh me down rather, and expose me to danger. I bear them, and tremble while I bear them. Nevertheless, my brethren, these your commendations are but the tree's leaves; it is the fruit I am in quest of." He did not hesitate even to rebuke those who had been guilty of drunkenness or swearing, from the front of the altar, and, preaching of the former of these sins, he told them that he had discharged his responsibility for them, but that *without them he was unwilling to be saved*. His fertility in inventing the hidden sense of Scripture passages is really wonderful. Preaching on the ten virgins to whom the kingdom of heaven is likened, he tells us that "every soul in the body is denoted by the number five, because there is nothing of which we have perception by the body, but by the five-folded gate." Again, on the five pairs of oxen whom one of the guests invited to the marriage feast had bought: "The five pairs of oxen are the senses of this body. . . . Why are they called pairs of oxen? Because by these senses of the body earthly things are sought for. For oxen turn up the earth. So there are men, far off from faith, occupied in the things of the flesh, who will not believe anything but what they attain to by the five senses of their body. In those five senses do they lay down for themselves the rules of their whole will." Lazarus hath been dead four days. "So in truth the soul arrives at habit by a kind of fourfold progress. For there is first the provocation, as it were, of pleasure in the heart; secondly, consent; thirdly, the overt act; fourthly, the habit. . . . After the consent, progress is made into the open act; the act changes into a habit, and a sort of desperate condition is produced, so that it may be said, *He hath been dead four days, by this time he stinketh*."

This remarkable power of allegorizing, strengthened by long practice in meditation, sometimes is developed in a still more striking manner. Thus, in the sermon on the ten virgins, mentioned above: "The lamps of the wise virgins burned with

an inward oil, with the assurance of a good conscience, with an inner glory, with an inmost charity. Yet the lamps of the foolish virgins burned also. Why burned they then? Because there was yet no want of the praises of men." But when they arose at the resurrection, they sought in vain "for what they had been wont to seek for,—to shine, that is, with others' oil, to walk after others' praises." He explains the mystical meaning of the cross as follows, speaking of the text Ephesians iii. 17: "The *breadth* is the transverse beam in the cross, where the hands are fastened, to signify good works. The *length* is in that part of the wood which reaches from this transverse beam to the ground. For there the body is crucified, and in a manner stands, and this standing signifies perseverance. Now the *height* is in that part which from the same transverse beam projects upward to the head; and hereby is signified the expectation of things above. And where is the *depth* but in that part which is fixed in the ground? For so is the dispensation of grace, hidden and in secret."

This system, of course, will allow a great deal of doctrine to be drawn from very short texts, sometimes with reason, and sometimes with none. The microscopic lens which Augustine applies often throws all the colors of the rainbow about the words which it distorts in seeking to magnify them. Thus, the shoes which Moses is commanded to loose from his feet, are the skins of dead beasts. In this way we are told, in a figure, to put off dead works. The stone which Jacob anointed, when he woke from his dream of angels, was understood by the patriarch to be "a figure" of Christ. And, still more strange, the three loaves, mentioned in Luke xi. 5, are the doctrine of the Trinity.

The keenly observing senses, which, when he was younger, took delight in field-sports, and made him, as he tells in his Confessions, always turn aside to watch the movements of animals, and even insects, fill his homilies with illustrations. He compares the body to a house, which closes its windows when the inhabitant is gone. Tribulation, he says, is a fire, which purifies the gold, but consumes the chaff. He likens the *types* in the Old Testament to the images of the Emperor, borne in processions where he is not himself present.

Many of his favorite images are drawn from the flame of a lamp. With it he rebukes pride. Flame burns the brighter the lower it is kept, while the smoke, which rises above it, is dark. And again: "At present we are in labor, and our lamps flicker amid the winds and temptations of this life; but only let our flame burn strongly, that the wind of temptation may increase the fire, rather than put it out."

Another very beautiful comparison, drawn from the construction of a house, has been imitated by Dr. Donne, the preacher at St. Paul's, in the reign of James I. "Thou art thinking to construct some mighty fabric in height," says Augustine; "first think of the foundation of humility. The greater the building is to be, the deeper one digs his foundation. The building, in the course of its erection, rises up on high, but he who digs its foundation must first go down very low. So then you see even a building is low before it is high, and the top is raised only after humiliation."

Most striking of all is the lesson which he draws from the account of the sleep of Christ amid the storm on Lake Genesaret. "This sleep is a sign of a high mystery. The sailors are the souls passing over the world in wood. That ship also was a figure of the Church. And all individually indeed are temples of God, and his own heart is the vessel in which each sails; nor can he suffer shipwreck, if his thoughts are only good. Thou hast heard an insult, it is the wind; thou art angry, it is a wave. And why is this? Because Christ is asleep in thee." "Let not even the lesser sins be despised. Through narrow chinks in the ship, the water oozes in, the hold keeps filling, and if it be disregarded, the ship is sunk." "Men should have recourse to the pump. For otherwise by little and little will that enter in by which the whole ship will be sunk. And to offer prayer is to have recourse to the pump. But we ought not only to pray, but to do alms also, because, when the pump is used to prevent the ship from sinking, both the voices and the hands are at work." It was with such comparisons as these, full of reality and life, suggested by the commonest sights around him, that the Bishop of Hippo won his simple flock of sailors to listen and believe when he taught them the essentials of Christianity. His aim was to win souls



by any means. "Grant me," he exclaims, "the lowest place, O Lord, in thy kingdom, but let me have the happiness of seeing my children about me." In fine, his object was so to preach that all with him might live in Christ. "This is my longing, my honor, my glory, my joy, my possession."

"In dealing with the terms of Christian theology," remarks Bishop Hampden, "we little think that we are walking among the shades of departed controversies, among the monuments, and the trophies, of hearts that have burned with zeal, and of intellects that have spent themselves in the subtilty and vehemence of debate. But, as to the unconscious traveller over ground which history or poetry has ennobled, so to us, the land is mute, it brings not the rich recollections of other men and other days; and we pass on in careless haste, thinking it enough that these memorials of our fathers in the faith serve the actual occasions of our present convenience." This appears always to be the fate, especially, of theological systems; and, paradoxical as it sounds, it is perhaps essential to their continuing to rule successive generations, that they should part with their freshness and harden into a half-alive rigidity. The petrified flower has lost its sap and its fragrance in assuming a form that will last. To bring back the bloom to that compact system, into whose substance Augustine's mind spreading its roots through the Christian consciousness of his age, took up the various elements of the soil, is a thing not yet accomplished in any life of the Saint which we have seen. Here, of course, we can only examine briefly two or three of the fibres which may be picked out of the structure of the plant.

The whole is based on a majestic conception of the nature and attributes of God. In His eternity, past and future coexist. He fills all nature, yet is perfectly comprehended neither by saint nor angel. "His first great name is Good," and though He hears the inmost thought as men hear audible speech, his mercy is co-ordinate with his power, and "there is no place whither men can flee from him unless to him." Only the law of his own nature restricts him, but nothing else can impose on him any limitations. Whatever he sees is to be done, is done already. "The world itself is a miracle, the greatest of all miracles, and in it is included all that is miraculous."

In these speculations on the nature of God, of course, his mind was fascinated by the subtile proofs of the Trinity which all nature gave. Everywhere in the world of matter and in the soul of man he found an analogous triple division. In the defence of it, Athanasius alone, among the fathers, can claim to have done so much as Augustine. The latter found it most precious, and developed from it his scheme of man and redemption. He places man at the head of creation. "No creature stands between God and our spirits, wherewith we know Him." All his servants are divided into two great bands, one part still pilgrims on earth, the other hovering above to help them. But this help is only for those who have put off the old Adam, in whose transmitted nature we are utterly corrupt, "hunting after the last things as if they were the first." The natural man by this hard law of inheritance is totally depraved, and incapable of any good thing. The new-made soul is brought into the world burdened with the crushing weight of absolute incapacity for good, and makes divine grace a sudden, overpowering shock, never the heavenly dew always falling on the young heart which is kept free from thorns by its earthly guardians.

But man was, notwithstanding, to be brought to the Father; "the iron door" was to be unlocked; and this was done by our Lord Jesus Christ, in whom "the hand of the Father was stretched to us from heaven." The Word became Flesh, as body and soul are united in man, that "by following the man, which we can do, we might attain to God, which we could not do." Death, the doom of every sinner, must be suffered by a perfectly righteous being, in order to lose its power. Thus Christ becomes to believers the "royal road" to God.

It is through the Church alone that we can learn of him: out of *that* there is no salvation. This view was natural in an age when private judgment had no rights; and Augustine would have mourned bitterly, if he could have seen the Christendom of to-day, with its hundreds of differing sects; on whom no authoritative voice imposes the semblance of conformity. But it is far wiser to rejoice in this, regarding the Church as at first like a young and tender tree, which in growing hardens and corrugates its exterior into a thousand wrinkled folds,

continually more distinct in their divisions. Yet, if one will pierce through this outward shell, he will find the same common centre to them all, and will find, too, that the very thickness of the bark indicates the vigor of the tree.

Far down in Augustine's system lie the lurid circles of hell, where is eternal fire and ruin, not merely spiritual, but material also. "The first death separates the soul, unwilling, from the body; the second keeps it, unwilling, in the body," to be punished forever, while the blessed of heaven shall behold all this in the light of Divine justice, and rejoice.

Augustine is one of the most voluminous authors of antiquity. His works lie in ten huge folios in the Benedictine edition, — armories which have supplied the weapons of controversy ever since. Such sentences as the following are seed-grain, which retain their vitality though wrapped for ages in the cerements of an unspoken tongue.

"The difference of Law and Gospel is fear and love."

"Narrow is the way which leads to life; yet one goes not on it except with wide heart."

"No one is so wise as not to need light from above."

"As night does not extinguish the stars of heaven, so the world's sin does not obscure the minds of the faithful, fixed in the Word of God."

"A man may unwillingly lose temporal possessions, but eternal never, unless willing."

"Before sinning against another, one always sins against himself."

"That which first overcame man, is the last thing he overcomes."

"Every sinner, in so far as he is a sinner, is not to be loved; but every man, in so far as he is a man, is to be loved."

"Where love is not, justice cannot be."

"The love of earthly things is bird-lime on the heavenly wings."

"God is patient because he is eternal."

"God does everything to save us, except depriving us of our free-will."

"God is conceived more truly than spoken, and he is more truly than he is conceived."



“*Cogitans de Deo, si finivisti, Deus non est.*”

“Whatever is without God is not sweet ; therefore, whatever my Lord God is about bestowing upon me, let him withhold the whole, and impart to me himself.”

“Men understand the whole sense of the Scriptures as soon as they know what it is to love God.”

“Prayer is the measure of love.”

“If thou seek what thou needest, but not from Him from whom thou shouldest seek, thou art impious.”

“They are the most uncharitable to error, who have never experienced how hard a matter it is to come at the truth.”

“*Alte dubitat qui altius credit.*”

“Faith must precede understanding, that understanding may be the reward of faith.” This is the flower of Augustine’s creed. Divine truths must be transfused into the life by the affections ; then a man, “building on the foundation of humility, Jesus Christ,” will also intellectually apprehend spiritual truths.

It was by this side of our Saint’s teachings, that he had such influence in the Church during the Middle Ages. His system, as a whole, was treated with distant respect, but not warmly embraced by many of the early clergy. Anselm revived, and Thomas Aquinas advocated it, but the Reformers were the first to bring it home to the popular mind.

Augustine’s last days were saddened by the invasion of Africa by the Vandals, at the instigation of Count Boniface, his friend. As they rushed in, while the evening of his life grew darker and the earth was overshadowed with gloom, his eyes turned more steadfastly to the brightening glories of heaven. He said to a group of his priests, that he had besought God either to free the state from its enemies, or to strengthen His servants to bear His will ; or at least to take him out of the world to Himself. The last prayer was answered. In the third month of the siege of Hippo Regius, on August 28th, A. D. 430, after a short illness, — passed in solitary prayer,\* and in repeating the penitential Psalms of David, affixed to the wall by his bed, — in the full possession of his fac-

---

\* Possidius says, “*jugiter ac ubertim flebat.*”

ulties, he passed out from his corruptible tabernacle of flesh to that other, "not made with hands, abiding in the heavens." He had no successor in his bishopric. That great Church which had towered on the North African shore, burst like a water-spout, leaving naught but a wild waste of tossing spume. Vandal, Greek, and Saracen rolled over the land; and Christianity there remained only in tradition. The tide of barbarism poured in, through all Europe, over the ancient civilization; but the work of Augustine's burning thought was not lost. His chief doctrines were borne on through the deepening waves, by the Church of Rome, from whose *hortus siccus* the monk of Erfurt took them and dipped them into a water of youth which caused them to blossom once more with fresh life.

In studying so marked a character, it is easy to make a geological map, so to speak, of the ground which produced such a rich crop of experiences and ideas for succeeding times. The first thing that strikes us here is an ambition which during his boyhood, and, in fact, until his conversion, preyed on him as a consuming fire: afterward the passion still remained, though purified and softened; but he never ceased to desire the praises of good men.

When he turned his face heavenward, he turned in a single day with all the strength of his powerful will. Perhaps also a part of the sternness of his system may be ascribed to this resolute disposition. Torn by struggle and aimless striving, he had gone through a most remarkable discipline, and had felt in his own soul all the bitterness of subjection to sin: he investigated the condition of others by light from himself, and, like all strongly individual minds, melted mankind into one mass, and put on the whole his own stamp.

One secret of his wonderful influence over others lay in his practical knowledge of men and things; but a deeper may be found in the intense spirituality which, derived from his mother, ran its woof in countless threads through the warp of coarser stuff inherited from his father. By this he was led with awe to spiritual things, and touched them with reverent care, knowing that "he will come to understand who knocks by prayer; not he who, by quarrelling, makes a noise at the

gate of truth." Mighty as he was in dialectics, he was taught by his own early years how to deal with those earnest doubters who had erred in seeking to penetrate the abysses of the Divine nature. And besides, to his great power in polemical dispute was added what rarely is united with it,—the *Mystic*. He could put on what Henry More calls his "spectacles made of the crystalline heaven," and look into the Infinite till he sunk back, weary with gazing. It is told that, while writing his Discourse on the Trinity, he wandered one day on the sea-shore, lost in meditation. Suddenly he saw a child bringing water from the sea to fill a hole which he had dug in the sand. Augustine asked his object, and he was answered that he meant to empty into this hollow all the waters of the great deep. "Impossible," exclaimed the Saint. The child replied, "Not more impossible than for thee, O Augustine, to explain the mystery on which thou now art meditating."

In contemplating this profound thinker, it is most interesting to notice the stages in his development. We follow him as he searches in vain for the "Beauty of ancient days, yet ever new," through his Manichæan and Neo-Platonic wanderings. He turns to pantheism for it, and there, too, earth and sea and air and sky, with all their inhabitants, give answer to his inquiry, that they are only the handiwork of God. And at last we see him come, "stained with the variation of each soil," to a position where, though imbued with serious errors, he stands a new man with the spirit of love and peace. His old Manichæan associates doubtless thought him strangely fallen. "So," in the words of Dr. Donne, "if the spiritual antipodes of this world, the sons of God, that walk with feet opposed, in ways contrary to the sons of men, shall be said to fall, when they fall to repentance, to mortification, to a religious negligence and contempt of the pleasures of this life, truly their fall is upwards, they fall towards heaven."

Thus it is that he teaches men, by his writings, and in the persons of the Reformers, in whom he is reflected, as a light illumines the countless points of vapor which cluster about it in a nebulous haze. Luther studied him for ten years in his Augustinian convent, and placed his works only next to the Bible. But his own life teaches the best lesson. Pointing to



the entrance of a higher plane of being, he is pictured in our mind as Kingsley describes him, "tall, delicate-featured, with a lofty and narrow forehead, scarred like his cheeks with the deep furrow of many a doubt and woe. Resolve, gentle but unbending, is expressed in his thin, close-set lips, and his clear, quiet eye; but the calm of his mighty countenance is the calm of a worn-out volcano, over which centuries must pass before the earthquake rents be filled with kindly soil, and the cinder-slopes grow gay with grass and flowers." And on his lips are those words from his inmost heart, "*Fecisti nos ad te, Domine; et inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in te.*"

---

#### ART. VII.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

##### THEOLOGY.

No feature is more striking in the recent developments of English thought, than the intellectual vigor and daring with which the most profound and comprehensive problems of speculation have been undertaken by women. We need only recall the writings of Harriet Martineau, Miss Evans's translation of Strauss and Feuerbach, and the "*Essay on Intuitive Morals*;" to which we have now to add the "*Thoughts in Aid of Faith*."\* The writer is a sister of the late Charles Hennell, whose "*Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity*" was the first reproduction, in English, of the naturalistic expositions of Continental critics, and still stands alone in the decision, clearness, and ability with which it presents the purely historical side of those expositions,—as well as, we are glad to say, in the very unworthy and depreciating judgment it gives of the first teachers of Christianity. Of his sister's point of view it is sufficient to say, that her essay begins with a very forcible and eloquent statement of Mr. Hennell's position, which she fully adopts; and that its aim is to bring together, as a help to other inquirers, the results of the most radical and uncompromising thinkers who have written since, and been made accessible to the English reader. Thus, Feuerbach represents for her the "*Essence of Christianity*," and Mackay's "*Progress of the Intellect*," its development; in discussing the "*Christian System*," she traces the course of thought from Unitarianism through Mr. Martineau to Francis Newman, with whose pure

---

\* *Thoughts in Aid of Faith*, gathered chiefly from Recent Works in Philosophy and Theology. By SARA S. HENNELL. London: George Manwaring.

Theism she is not satisfied to rest; her "Principles of Psychology" are those of Herbert Spencer, adopted without qualification or reserve; her view of the "History of Philosophy" is wholly in the light of Lewes and Comte; and for the "Science of Morality" she starts with the expediency doctrine, as defended by Thomas Buckle. Six chapters thus cover the wide field of modern speculation. They are preceded by an Introduction, setting forth the personal motive and experience from which the inquiry has started, and followed by a Conclusion, in which the bearings of the whole on personal faith and hope are courageously and calmly stated. The argument of the book is not, as might possibly be guessed, to protest against anything in the most radical and seemingly irreligious of the results she registers; but, explicitly reducing psychology to physiology, religion to anthropology, and morals to philanthropy, renouncing all personal hope of another life, and holding the conception of a personal God to be only the image of himself which man projects upon the vast Unknown, — nay, denying the very distinction of matter and spirit, holding a living Will to be an absurd and impossible thing, and maintaining that life, thought, emotion, and holiness are simply the successive products of necessary and (apparently) causeless evolution, — her purpose is still to vindicate the intellectual harmony, the moral progress, and the spiritual calmness and trust, which belong fitly to the domain of faith.

It would be easy to throw mere odium and reproach upon a treatise which so begins with the denial and overthrow of each single thing we have been wont to associate with any objective religious belief at all. But it would be a better task to explain the process of thought that has led a conscientious and devout mind to this pass, and to show how even such results as those we have enumerated may be sincerely set forth "in aid of faith." Nay, if we thought the results themselves inevitable in any given case, — if we knew any young student of divine philosophy who had been drawn into this vortex by the current of his speculations, — we should make haste to refer to this very book, in proof that there is no speculative error so hopeless, no intellectual heresy so complete, but that a good and honest heart may find in it, not the food of mockery and despair, but the material, or at least the ally, of a fresh order of religious thought.

We have begun by stating at full length the radical and extreme negations which Miss Hennell accepts, and attempts to reconcile with religious piety and trust. A certain dreariness she acknowledges in some portions of the way; it has been to her a "Northwest Passage through the dim icy region of speculation," although it has brought her "round again into the genial clime of temperate habitation;" — and the tone is rather that of resignation than of hope or gladness at the end. We should be sorry to think precisely this course of speculation necessary with any one; the results, we are sure, are not destined and inevitable to humanity at large. The writer moves, with all nobleness and composure, in a vicious circle. She accepts, with admirable consistency and courage, the results which follow from a set of postulates she was noway bound to start with. She reasons and meditates with

an elevation of moral tone and a real humility of spirit which we wish were more common among Christian theologians, — but under the spell of a few able thinkers, to whom she has surrendered the independence of her mental life. Not to go into details of theological criticism, — which indeed would be to cover the whole ground of recent controversy, — it is enough to state a single point. Herbert Spencer's sterile dictum, that "life is the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations," is seized by Miss Hennell as a key to the whole grand mystery of Being; and is applied, as a standing explanation, to each successive phase of organic, intellectual, and moral evolution. Just as if such a phrase were anything more than a generalized expression for a great multitude of facts, — convenient perhaps to those who already know the facts, but of no more service to explain them than a man's christian name is, to betoken what manner of spirit he is of. If we go a step further, and say, Life is the *force* which continuously adjusts internal relations to external relations, we are a step nearer the truth. But the nature of that force remains a problem unsolved as ever. Again, the facility — we should say flippancy, but for the earnest spirit of the book — with which moral freedom, which is the necessary postulate of all moral doctrine, is denied. Certainly, an intelligent will is no more inconceivable than any other form of Origin; and to our mind — virtually, to any mind dealing with purely moral relations — it is as much a necessary first principle, it answers as nearly to Mr. Spencer's "universal postulate," as the existence of material things or the reality of mathematical truths. The easy denial of it is another instance of the very needless fallacies of which we speak.

Admitting that the writer moves in a vicious circle, it is a satisfaction in its way that the circle should be so well rounded and complete. We cannot but honor the consistency, decision, and courage with which principles are stated, and results traced out. The intellectual character of the book is rare and high. Except slight errors of language — as *genii* for *geniuses*, and *truthfulness* for *truth* — and an occasional over-straining and obscurity of style, as if the matter were not quite assimilated to the mind, or the writer were beyond her depth, it is almost a model of vigorous and thoughtful composition, and rises often to real eloquence. Perhaps there is something especially feminine in the glow and eagerness with which not only the intellectual abstractions of the book are set forth, and a single-hearted deference is yielded to able reasoners, — an example (shall we say?) of the "man-worship" which she thinks (p. 376) characteristic of the nature of woman at the present day and a response to the chivalry of an older time, — but in the remarkable power of entering by sympathy into the character or the circumstances with which she deals. A very striking instance of it is in her setting forth of the political circumstances and human motives that bore upon the ministry of Jesus (Chap. I.); and another, in this portraiture of a philosopher, whose features are dim enough in the usual sketches of the ancient schools, — "the earnest philosopher, who was also the fanatical rhapsodist, Xenophanes, who went about with big astounding utterances, pouring into vulgar, gaping ears thoughts too



high even for the schools, to relieve the fulness of a soul that could not hold itself in silence ; a Carlyle of his ancient day, that could not find words large enough, nor sensibility deep enough, even in himself, for the exquisite beauty of thought, whose keenness was pain ; 'the great rhapsodist of Truth,' and no shams, who must needs rave against false gods and their foolish worshippers, because of the 'deep sincerity of his heart, and the holy enthusiasm of his reverence ;' one who was capable of seeing that not even his own highest thought was that demanded Truth, and who therefore looked upon Nature, not with satisfied placidity, but with 'questioning and wrestling ;' so that — while in the great object of his vituperation, in Homer, sunny clear, there is a resonance of gladness, a sense of manifold life, activity, and enjoyment, — in this deeper poet 'there is bitterness, activity of the spasmodic sort, infinite doubt, and infinite sadness.' "

We think that religious writers have too often failed to recognize or understand the intellectual calmness — which often bears so remarkable a likeness to the repose of faith — that follows, when the conflict of theories and doubts has subsided into ever so cold and barren a system of negative belief. Those who recall the language of Comte himself, or of both his English interpreters, Lewes and Miss Martineau, will remember the almost fervent and grateful way in which they speak of this resolution of the spiritual conflict of our times. As a mental phenomenon, we think it deserves the attention of Christian philosophers. We do not for a moment compare it with the victories of faith, and the calmness of a filial trust ; yet it is a mood of mind as much above the selfish cravings and hopes and doubts and fears that too often beset the religious life, as it is below the glorious assurance of infinite holiness and love as attributes of a living God.

We cannot certainly commend this volume as a sound manual of instruction in theology or philosophy. But as a faithful review of the present grounds of investigation, and as an earnest, able, and eloquent expression of those questions that move the deepest thought of the time, — all the more valuable for the consistent fearlessness which presents them in full array, and in all their mutual bearings and connections, — we think it well deserves the attention of the curious, and the refutation of those who would plant their faith impreguably in the restless and bold intelligence of the present day.

THE letters of Félix Pécant\* are the ablest and boldest expression of the liberal movement now going on so vigorously in the Protestant Church of France. His position in regard to orthodoxy is substantially that of Jowett, Williams, and Temple in the English Church, and it is defended with a sufficiency of learning, an abundance of ingenuity, and a spirit as free as it is earnest and reverent. The arguments of those who defend the infallibility of the Bible, and the

---

\* *Le Christ et la Conscience. Lettres à un Pasteur sur l'Autorité de la Bible et celle de Jésus-Christ. Par Félix Pécant. Paris: Joel Cherbuliez. 1859. 12mo. pp. 451.*

absolute perfection of Christ, are stated with a force and candor of which none may complain; and in the refutation which meets them, there is no appearance of levity or injustice. M. Pécant has taken his position slowly, reluctantly, but deliberately. He has cut loose from traditional orthodoxy only so far as the stress of truth has compelled him. His careful study of the Bible has brought him to see that the letter of this can never be a final authority in matters of faith; and he is constrained to believe that the conception which the Church has held concerning the character and work of Jesus, is not according to the Scriptural account of Jesus. While he admits that the son of Mary was the best of men, the finest of all souls of whom history leaves us the witness, he denies that the holiness of Jesus was in any sense of a supernatural kind, or that it has the marks of an absolute and unquestionable perfection. He points out what seem to him facts in the life of the Saviour inconsistent with this theory of essential sinlessness. Jesus, he thinks, believed himself to be, and intended to be received as, the promised Jewish Messiah, and encouraged by his word those ideas of his followers, and of the early Church, about his near second-coming. In common with the Evangelists, he misunderstood the ancient prophecies, applying to himself what could have only a rhetorical application. In regard to miracles, M. Pécant reserves his opinion, except so far as to say, that in no case can they be the foundation of enlightened spiritual faith, and that many of the recorded cases will not stand the test of criticism. From many of his conclusions we dissent, though with much of his reasoning we are compelled to sympathize. We have read the volume with great interest, enchanted by the sincerity and the pathos of its tone, and by a style which is at once rich and masculine. Such a book will make its mark upon the theology of France. And many who reject and regret its bold negations, will rejoice in and profit by its profound affirmations. The author is strong in the confidence that he utters the opinions and doubts of a great multitude within the Church who have waited long for such an expression.

As a whole, the sermons of this second volume of M. Colani \* are not quite equal to those of the previous volume. Some of the views are crude, and some opinions are ventured which a sound criticism will not justify. Yet still the volume is remarkable for originality, both in thought and expression, for freedom, earnestness, and a certain subdued, but real eloquence. The topics, partly biographical, are such as illustrate the advanced position which as a theologian Colani dares to take and is able to maintain. It is cheering and auspicious that an audience can be found in the Protestant Church of France for sentiments so entirely in harmony with our Unitarian Christianity. These sermons, both the first and second series, ought to appear in an English dress, which they can wear with scarcely any loss of grace or force. We

---

\* *Nouveaux Sermons* par T. COLANI, Directeur de la Revue de Théologie. Strasbourg et Paris: Treuttel et Wurtz. 1860. 12mo. pp. 305.

regret that Dr. Davison could not find in England sufficient encouragement to publish his translation of the first series, and can only express the hope that, if such a translation should be made on this side of the Atlantic, it may find a publisher. An occasional translation, too, of one of these discourses, may, as we have had occasion to know, agreeably vary the ordinary routine of pulpit ministrations.

No one can deny that Cherbuliez is a most liberal publisher. The bane and the antidote follow each other in rapid succession from his enterprising house. The Unitarian sermons of Coquerel herald the orthodox sermons of Bouvier,\* and the orthodox treatises of Bungener prepare the way for the rationalistic speculations of Pécant. A. Bouvier, the son of a distinguished father, has inherited an easy style and a talent for effective preaching, without the liberal opinions which might have been expected in such a stock. His sermons are well constructed, but their orthodoxy is bold, unimpeachable, and confident. He believes in the literal fall of Adam, and finds the third person of the Godhead, like Mr. Bickersteth, in every part of the Bible where the Spirit of God is mentioned. His critical views are of the crudest kind, and his philosophy of salvation would quite satisfy average New England Calvinism. We have no fear that such superficial theology as this of M. Bouvier will overthrow the liberal Church of Geneva, or undo the work that a century of free thought has accomplished for the Protestantism of that city. M. d'Aubigné must find stronger coadjutors if he would accomplish his purpose of restoring the old divinity in the home of Calvin. One sermon of Colani, for truth, insight, and profoundly spiritual tone, is worth all the rhetoric of this volume of Bouvier, with all its fine pictures and specious pleas. It is melancholy to see such force of expression wasted on such poor material of thought.

THE exquisite style of Madame Bourdon's † illustrations of the Beatitudes is by no means their only merit. Though their tone and spirit are intensely Catholic, there is in them a sweet and gracious temper which disarms criticism and prevents the antagonism of a Protestant reader. The plan is a good one. Each Beatitude is made to appear through the medium of a tale, and is stated in words only at the conclusion of the story. The order is slightly changed, and in one or two of the stories, as it seems to us, the resulting moral would be other than the assigned Beatitude. There is, however, accuracy enough and variety enough to satisfy any reasonable demand. Some of the tales are historical, others are facts of the author's own knowledge, and all are professedly accounts of what has actually happened. There are tales of endurance, of martyrdom, of faith and charity, of life in the early Christian ages, and of Christian life in the present age. The most objectionable, in our view, is that which illustrates the blessing of

\* Sermons par A. BOUVIER, Pasteur. Genève et Paris: Joel Cherbuliez. 1860. 12mo. pp. 335.

† Les Béatitudes, ou la Science du Bonheur. Par MADAME BOURDON (MATILDE FROMENT), Auteur de la Vie Réelle. Paris: Ambroise Bray. 1859. 16mo. pp. 240.



"Hunger and thirst after righteousness," in which a Jewish heiress is made to desert her ancestral faith, to give her fortune to the Church, and to become a nun in the most unnatural and unnecessary way.

ALL religious works which emanate from any "Southern publishing house" are sure to be orthodox according to the strictest pattern. In that region a cruel, a vindictive, a partial, and an awful God is absolutely necessary to uphold the social custom and satisfy the general demand. Liberal Christianity is dangerous in its tendencies, and the doctrines of "grace" and damnation alone can be "comfortable." Mr. Dayton is one of the exemplary Christian reasoners of the Southern section of our land. It is his pleasing task to write down and argue down any form of scepticism, unbelief, neology, or liberalism. The narrowest type of Baptist Gospel is to him the sole method of salvation. In the volume before us,\* he argues with an intelligent infidel, and though he tries hard to pervert the language of this infidel, and so arranges the discussion that the infidel shall get converted at last, yet we think four out of five unprejudiced readers would say that, even by Mr. Dayton's own showing, the infidel had the best of the argument. According to stress of logic, the Christian ought to have been converted to infidelity; and, barring the dulness of the production, the work would have more influence in raising doubts about the existence of God, and about revelation, than in silencing them. It is dangerous for our Baptist friends to publish volumes which state the case so strongly on the infidel side, unless they can furnish a better reply than this of Mr. Dayton.

The last third of the volume is specially devoted to Universalism, with an incidental notice of Spiritism. The arguments here are not new, and are certainly not convincing. The "*aionios*" question is treated in a most unscholarlike way; and though the Greek concordance is brought in and examined, it is quite evident that the good Pastor Clayton has no critical knowledge of the Greek language. The Devil, of course, is defended. All Southern preachers are ready to give the Devil his due; and this is in praise of their honesty. The intention of the writer of this book seems to be honest. He evidently believes that he is right, that his view of God is the correct one, and that in stating it as he has here done, he renders the cause of God, if not the cause of truth, a valuable and timely service. The language which he uses is moderate,—never intense, and never abusive. He has no horror at infidelity, and appreciates the feeling that leads men to doubt. But he is not wise enough, or strong enough, or brave enough, to meet doubts as they must be met in this nineteenth century. When will these orthodox writers understand that infidelity now is not to be put down by a reiteration of the old arguments from Paley and the letter of the English Scripture, which have been so many times met and shown to be inadequate?

---

\* *Emma Livingston, the Infidel's Daughter: or, Conversations upon Atheism. Infidelity, and Universalism.* By A. C. DAYTON, Author of "*Theodosia*," "*Ernest*," &c., &c. Nashville, Tenn.: Graves, Marks, & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 371.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

WE can only speak briefly, at this time, of the second volume of Dr. Palfrey's *History*,\* which is just now published. If the brook were not the source of one of the deepest and broadest of rivers, it would be impossible to give more than superficial interest to the annals of early New England. This has been said by a thousand orators in a thousand ways. It is true of the history of the first emigrants even, and when the historian deals no longer with those adventurous, scholarly, and even chivalrous men, but with their children of the first American generation, settled in business, indifferently taught, and careless of the elegances of the feudalism which they had disowned, his task is all the harder. We confess that our sense of the difficulty of this task—a difficulty so great that it has not been met, and has been scarcely attempted, in two centuries—was so decided, that we doubted if it were worth Dr. Palfrey's while to cope with it. Before he wrote his first volume, we knew that that was possible and necessary. But we doubted so far whether the second was possible, as to doubt whether the attempt for it were necessary.

The difficulty is this. In 1642, when this volume begins, here were say thirty thousand people scattered broadcast over New England, and here their numbers doubled perhaps in the next twenty years. In these twenty years England was so far convulsed with civil war as to let them alone. They were busy themselves in trapping beaver, cutting masts and clapboards, building houses and ships, and learning to cook and to like Indian meal. In their lives there must have been romance and excitement, for they were men and women. But if they had met yearly at the altar, and sworn that they would willingly leave no shred of detail of the adventure or novelty of their lives behind them,—that, if they could help it, their descendants should learn nothing of the impressions which wilderness life, pioneer excitement, the new climate, and new flora of a new world made on them,—they could not have succeeded better than they did in concealing from posterity the peculiarities of their position. Of such men, who seem to have wished to die forgotten by their descendants, is it worth while to attempt the history? Almost any county in New England to-day contains as many men and women. In almost any county there are many more men and women of thought, of enterprise, and of depth of feeling. Yet he would be a bold man who should undertake to write a valuable volume from the local history of the last twenty years of any such county. Why give more pains to the scattered wrecks of information which we have regarding the lives of the fathers of the first generation after the settlement of New England?

To all such doubt the new volume is a very triumphant answer. In spite of the desperate reticency of the fathers as to their home-life,—a reticency which lingers in New England character to this day, and

---

\* *History of New England.* By JOHN GORHAM PALFREY. Vol. II. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1860. 8vo. pp. 640.

blunts the interest of almost every New England newspaper and chronicle, — in spite of this, in contempt of the fathers' vow of secrecy, Dr. Palfrey drags out from every corner which their watchfulness neglected bits of material for a fascinating sketch of their manners and customs. He is obliged to guess that they lived in log-cabins like ours, when they built of logs. If we remember rightly, no letter or journal of the day gives a hint as to the method of building a log-cabin. But this is his only guess. As to amusements, work, worship, instruction, trade, and manners generally, he wrings from the most reluctant generation of modern history its involuntary confession as to what men, women, and children were, thought, said, and did. The opening chapter of this volume is the American parallel to Macaulay's English chapter of manners and customs. That celebrated chapter has been preposterously pecked at, and its flaws have been industriously detected. But it is still a triumphant vindication of modern history from the accusations most frequent. Dr. Palfrey's chapter on our manners and customs in the first generation well deserves to be mentioned at its side.

Now, let us grant that the rising set of Mathers, Dudleys, Hills, and Sewalls were second-rate, not to say third-rate men. Let us grant that they were so happy that their history came very near being unwritten. None the less were they the men by whose hands the great web of republican government was to be woven. And the result of the weaving, the success of the great experiment, has been a thousand times the more valuable, because the men who wove were not men of genius, but only men who believed in God and meant to do his will. It needs very little of history to teach us that men of genius are never worse employed than when they are creating constitutions. The practical talent which understands human nature, even in its most stupid forms, and sympathizes with it at the same time, is a much more reliable constitution-maker. It has no razor to cut blocks with, and the blocks get cut therefore. It has no fine arts in its cookery, and therefore does not eat its mutton cold. Thus much is due to the generation which followed the planters of New England, — to say that, if they could not write poems, or memoirs, or diaries, not even sermons that could be read, or letters that told anything to posterity, they could build up states, and create government out of nothing. That they did, and the world has to thank them for it.

And, as those twenty years ebbed by, it began to prove in England, that, unless they succeeded in this business here, nobody was going to succeed in it anywhere! The Commonwealth of England was becoming an autocracy. One set of men was establishing that Commonwealth and our Commonwealths. On this side they settled the rights and duties of "selectmen" and "church-members," — then they were recrossing the ocean — O how slow the voyage must have been to such men! — to storm Drogheda, to advise Cromwell, or to give him check when the time came. As the twenty years passed, these men's hands proved to be too full. After all, England must try the Stuarts for twenty years more! But for all that, they did not mean to give up New England. How they held one, and how they lost the other, is the story of that gen-



eration. It is not merely trade in peltry, or the settling of province lines, — it is the policy wholly intertwined of the Puritanism of the Old World and of the New.

The volume before us begins with the Confederation of the four Colonies in 1642, and ends with the dispersion from Boston, in 1667, of the royal Commissioners, involving the defeat of Lord Clarendon's attempt to bring the New England Colonies into subjection. During this period there was more emigration from New England to Old, than from Old to New. England had paid in her whole investment, and for the future was to receive her dividends. The great distinction of Dr. Palfrey's History is, that he does not pretend to write one half of this history without the other. As well write the history of Kansas for the last six years without telling the story of the politics of the United States for the same time. So in his Old World chapters and those of the New World, the titles interlace with each other as diverse, yet as critical, titles as these: "Downfall of the British Monarchy;" "Conversion of the Indians;" "Settlements on Narragansett Bay;" — the last, as our Rhode Island friends are fond of persuading themselves, ultimately of the most importance to the world of the whole.

Not only is the constant reference to the story of England's life necessary to the truth of history; it is a great relief to the narrative, else necessarily so heavy, of the politics of Piscataqua and Muddy River, of the west line of Rhode Island, or even of the more widely celebrated controversies with Stuyvesant. Dr. Palfrey avails himself of this resource with artistic skill; — and yet he is so loyal to his ancestry and to his home theme, that he will not thank us for insinuating that it required either foil or illumination. But the truth is, that these two important decades of our history, which have been generally left to drop unstudied, now assume, in consequence of such management, a general interest. These are no longer annals. The subject rises to the dignity of history, so soon as we see that these men had a policy all interwoven with the policy of the most critical period of modern times. To trace along that policy, to illustrate their successes and reverses as they follow, is the agreeable duty, admirably performed, of this historian.

WE are more tantalized than satisfied with the volumes of Michelet's protracted history, as they come at intervals of about a year from his hot brain and busy hand. Nothing can be finer in their way, than some of the earlier chapters of his work, where the poetry, mystery, and passion of the Middle Age supplied the warp and woof of his brilliant page. Gregory VII. and Innocent III., the fate of the Maid of Orleans, the pathetic tale of the siege of Dinant, and "The Passion as a Principle of Art in the Middle Age," are among the ineffaceable and most living pictures that any historian has contributed to the vast gallery of the Past. When he had brought his narrative down to the threshold of the great events that have made the modern world, and passed from 1470 to 1789, — anticipating the showy but dreary drama of the intervening centuries by their tragical consummation, — there was something in his reading of the popular heart, and sympathy with the revolutionary

passion of that epoch, especially in his detailed picture of events in the country at large, away from the glare and noise of the capital, which made us feel as if we were reading of those events for the first time, — a story which Thiers, and Alison, and even Carlyle, had left only half told. To a singular degree, Michelet writes as an eyewitness of the events he relates. His story reads as independent testimony, given at first hand. It has the merits and defects of contemporaneous writing. It has the passion, the partial view, the heat, the lack of finish, — and along with these, those singular touches which make one feel as if he had laid his own finger on the very throbbing of the pulse of the life he registers. And now that in completion of his plan he returns upon the age which he had left, these merits and defects are combined in a result a good deal less satisfactory than before. Then we were content with the vague outline, and were satisfied to take a picture in shade and color in lieu of a clear and comprehensive plan. In the stately middle period of the French monarchy, we want something different or something more.

The volume last received \* is the seventh of the series on this middle period. The six preceding it bear the following titles: *The Renaissance*; *The Reform*; *Religious Wars*; *The League and Henry IV.*; *Henry IV. and Richelieu*; *Richelieu and the Fronde*. A glance at these titles shows the extraordinary abundance and splendor of the material gathered into that period of struggle and change. And when we recall the events amidst which that stormy part of the annals of France was passed, — the Reformation, the great discoveries, the Italian wars, the rise of the Dutch Republic, and the Thirty Years' War in Germany, all which make part of the narrative here, — we have enough to lead us with eager interest and curiosity to listen to one who has lived so near the times he describes, "breast-deep in archives for twenty years."

We have endeavored to indicate something of the faults and merits which run through this brilliant presentation of them. The merit of impartiality as an historian Michelet rejects and disdains. He professes to be a partisan, — to be always "partial for liberty against despotism, and for right against wrong." And it is a little curious to have to correct the cold-blooded vindication of French policy under Richelieu by the Englishman Buckle, who cites facts as an advocate, and suppresses whole classes of them that tell against his argument, with the plainer speech of this ultra-Frenchman, who can never pardon the crime against French Protestants, and who passionately tells the story of their wrongs. The interest in his volumes is in fact the interest of a contemporary pamphlet. We cannot rely upon them for either the fulness, breadth, or balance we expect in a history of so grave proportions. He complains of the lack of space, and that he must crowd half a century into a single thin octavo. But of his three hundred pages perhaps fifty will be taken up with some court intrigue, of which the reader hardly

---

\* *Histoire de France au XVII. Siècle. Louis XIV. et la Révocation de l'Edit de Nantes.* Par J. Michelet. Paris: Chamerot.

sees the slender connection with the plot, or with some criminal process, or a full-length picture of some horrid popular superstition, very curious as illustration, but out of all proportion in a history of the time. This passion for covering new ground and telling new things is a natural exaggeration, and a very useful one in an original contributor to history; but the reader needs to get his larger and clearer knowledge from other sources. Here he will find only studies and single groups. It is in these that Michelet holds a place altogether his own. Some glimpse is given of an obscure or forgotten fact, some side light is thrown upon the motive or character of an actor, some abyss of horror or revelation of nobleness is opened to us a little way, which puts the life of the period in a new glare of light, and we feel as if we saw it now for the first time. These are just the merits and defects of contemporary evidence, to which we cannot avoid comparing this work almost constantly. Examples of what we mean are the account of the mustering for the Thirty Years' War, the chapter on the Armada, the details of St. Bartholomew, and the character of Coligny, the Protestant sanctuary of Geneva and its heroic missions, the trials for sorcery, and, in the present volume, the native and foreign parties in Holland, the feud of the families DeWitt and Orange, and the prisons, galleys, and hospitals under the false brilliancy of the monarchy of France.

The general purpose of this volume is to exhibit the "drift of the entire century" in France towards the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The more general aspects of that great public crime are sufficiently familiar to all readers. Indeed, so is the memory of a great crime branded upon the life of nations, that we read even now of "a large colony" in the eastern districts of London, of descendants from the Huguenot refugees, whose "dark eyes and foreign features still attest their Gallic origin," and who at this moment are the chief sufferers by the new commercial policy of the French sovereign. But the miseries of that emigration, and of the horrors sanctioned by the government of Louis XIV. have never, we think, been so vividly told as here. We copy the following paragraph: "The emigrant of 1793 wished to save his life; that of 1685 wished to save his conscience. The flight of the Protestants is a voluntary thing. It is an act of loyalty and sincerity; it is the horror of falsehood; it is reverence for the word. It is to the glory of human nature that so great a number of men, in order *not to lie*, sacrificed all, — passed from wealth to beggary, — hazarded life and family in the perilous adventures of so difficult a flight. Men have seen in them obstinate sectaries. I see in them men of honor, who through all the earth have shown what was the *élite* of France." (pp. 351, 352.) Among the pitiful and shocking incidents of the brutal campaign against these men, we cite only this beautiful and touching fact: "A child of four or five years, put in the convent by its Catholic mother, retains eight years the fixed desire to return to its Protestant father. Another of nine years remains faithful to its Protestant mother; though carried away several times, it still resists. Such is the instinctive nobleness, the innate generosity, of the human heart. The child, constituted by the insensate authorities judge in the family, judged that the truth must



be where he saw the martyrdom." (pp. 338, 339.) And again, after narrating some of the horrors of the dragonnades, the furious persecution of the Vaudois, and the ravaging of the Palatinate: "*Memento*. It would be a thing too convenient for tyrants if history spared them these hideous remembrances. The delicate, perhaps the selfish, will say, Spare us these details. Paint us this in grand features, nobly, conventionally. You disturb our nerves. To which we will reply, So much the better if you suffer, — if your icy soul at length feels something. The public indifference, the swift forgetfulness, is the curse which perpetuates and renews the wrong. Suffer, and forget not." (p. 376.)

Having recently had to notice the first issue of what promises to be the most brilliant and ablest history in English of the French nation, we are glad to renew our acquaintance with one who has narrowly missed being its finest native historian. If we seek a narrative, large, consecutive, and complete, we believe that Michelet yields the rank to Martin; the vast proportions of whose work promise the completest exhibition to be found of that more than fourteen centuries' nationality.

WE have already called attention, very briefly, to the Memoir of an excellent and admirable man,\* whom we wish to see more widely known in this country. The name of the Rev. George Armstrong, of Bristol, is familiar in particular associations, and to certain classes. He was known pretty extensively as a vigorous controversialist in theology, and especially as one of the most vehement of the denouncers of American Slavery. But to those who did not know him personally, this volume will be a fresh and very delightful revelation of the man. It is an excellent specimen of religious biography. Of private letters, journals, and utterances of devout affection, or of personal loves and sorrows, enough is given to let us see his whole mind and heart, — as far as strangers may; while enough of the varied and outward incidents of biography are given, to furnish a narrative far exceeding in interest the great majority of such productions.

Both the circumstances and the character of the man account for this. Mr. Armstrong inherited, along with his Irish blood, the warmth of temperament, the positive tone of thinking, the gift of strong and impetuous utterance, which we connect with the land of his birth. Receiving a generous education at the College in Dublin, and with a mind so liberal already, that, while a clergyman in orders in his native Church, he both subscribed for and read a Unitarian magazine, he was won by Channing's Baltimore sermon to pass at a single step into the ranks of Unitarian dissent. The warm, glad, and grateful faith in scriptural Unitarianism which never flagged or abated, and the fervor of his gratitude and admiration towards Channing himself, are prominent and very pleasing traits in this Memoir. An interval of a few years — from 1833 to 1837 — passed before Mr. Armstrong, now forty-five years old, took the position in his new communion which he held to the end of his

---

\* A Memoir of the late Rev. George Armstrong. By ROBERT HENDERSON. London: Edward T. Whitfield.

life. His admirable qualities as preacher and pastor seem to have made themselves felt at once, as soon as he embarked once more in the profession of his youth, and he continued for twenty years one of the most prominent, honored, and beloved among the Unitarian ministers of England.

Among the most charming features of the volume are the illustrations given of Mr. Armstrong's tender and devout love of nature, delightful glimpses of the English scenery amidst which he dwelt, his enthusiastic yet simply truthful recognition and criticism of religious art, and the confiding and intimate tone of his relations both as Christian pastor and as personal friend. But perhaps the most striking and characteristic mark of the man, is his distinct brave acceptance of Politics into the domain of practical Religion. In defending his own interest in the Corn-Law agitation of 1841, he speaks thus:—

"All that morality, and with it religion, insists upon is, that for the due discharge of an act the most momentous in which a member of society can engage,—his vote or other support,—he previously take all proper means of enlightening his understanding, and, having so done, to suffer no personal considerations whatever to sway him in the giving effect to the opinion he has formed.

"Here, then, properly and ordinarily, the connection of politics with religion ceases.

"But it cannot fail to be observed that, occasionally, some prominent subjects will start up, when the connection cannot be so easily dissolved. I need name only slavery, war, and religious persecution under the sanction of law. The Society of Friends every year protests against war. Dissenters of every description especially, by the combined and energetic demonstrations, contributed very essentially to the overthrow of slavery throughout the British dominions; while it will be superfluous to remark on the struggles which for so lengthened a period of time, and finally with so large a measure of success, engaged the best efforts of those bodies whose interests were involved in purging legislation of the crime of religious persecution." (pp. 135, 136.)

With this extract, illustrating somewhat the character of the man and his work, we close this brief notice, too long deferred, of one of those noble English champions of independence in thought and freedom in the state, whom our generation should be glad to honor.

#### CLASSICS AND EDUCATION.

It was a worthy custom of old, for the candidate for academic honors to present some proof, in the shape of dissertation, treatise, or address, of his fitness to wear the learned laurel. We are glad to record a revival of this usage in the case of the two new Greek Professors at Cambridge, who have given each an evidence of his special competency, in a work well sustaining the cherished fame of our ancient University.

The modest title of "Glossary" hardly does justice to the amount of industry, scholarship, and curious erudition which Professor Sophocles has embodied in his recent "Communication" to the American Acad-

emy.\* The title, we suppose, signifies that we are to look here only for a register of words and their uses; while for the more intricate questions of philology, inflection, and grammatical construction, we have still to consult the standard Lexicons of the Hellenic tongue. Properly the work consists of two parts. The Introduction covers about a hundred and fifty quarto pages of history and dissertation, and is an independent work of great value. The "Glossary" proper fills more than three times that bulk. It assumes to give "whatever is peculiar to the language of the Roman and Byzantine periods," — that is to say, "such words, meanings, phrases, and idioms as occur for the first time in later writers, from *Polybius* [who died B. C. 129] to *Scylitzes* [who died A. D. 1081], including the Septuagint version of the Old Testament," and is followed by an Appendix of the earlier Modern Greek words.

The Introduction shows how the Attic dialect supplanted all the others, and became, as early as the third century of our era, the sole recognized type of the language; and traces its development through the Alexandrian, Byzantine, and Turkish periods. It then exhibits the various foreign elements which crept in, — Persian, Semitic, Gallic (or Keltic), Latin, Teutonic, Hunnic (or Tatar), and Slavic; the changes in rhythm and the gradual use of rhyme (of which traces occur in the choruses of Sophocles)†; and the grammatical forms and usages peculiar to the later tongue. The most important epochs affecting the language were the Roman Conquest (B. C. 146); the removal of the seat of government from Rome to Constantinople (A. D. 330); and the taking of the latter city by the Crusaders (A. D. 1202), and by the Turks (A. D. 1453). While in one sense Greek has continued to be a spoken tongue from Homer's day to ours, and the fashion at Athens now is to restore old names and phrases, — while we hear of the revived Olympic games, and read the old familiar words on modern maps, and find no more difficulty in a newspaper printed at Athens or Corfu, than in a page of Herodotus or Plutarch, — in point of fact the changes are many and curious. So that all along we observe two tendencies; — that which affected the purism of classic Greek, (mingled more or less with the phrases and ideas of Christianity, and corresponding nearly with mediæval Latin,) such as we find in the ecclesiastics and historians of the Lower Empire; and that inevitable modification of time and conquest which at length wrought out virtually another tongue, differing in idiom, rhythm, and grammatical construction so widely as Romaic from Hellenic. The extremes of these tendencies are represented on the one hand by the descendants of the Latin conquerors of the thirteenth century, who "discovered heresy and schism even in the Greek characters, in consequence of which curious discovery they generally wrote (that is, such of them as could write at all,) their vernacular tongue in Italian characters;" and on the other, by those Byzantine pedants who assume "that everything written in Greek characters is to be derived from the

\* A Glossary of Later and Byzantine Greek, forming Vol. VII. (New Series) of the Memoirs of the American Academy. By E. A. SOPHOCLES. Cambridge: Welch, Bigelow, & Co. 4to. pp. 624.

† The earliest Greek poem in rhyme was published at Rhodes, A. D. 1498.



Greek," — who find in the modern Persic name of the *ass* (ἄειδαρος) his unlucky fate to be always cudgelled (ἀεὶ δέρεσθαι), or his mulish way of planting his feet on the ground (γῆν δέρειν), and who derive the Greek for *sausage* (λουκάνικον) from Luke the Evangelist, because swine, are slain in the Archipelago about St. Luke's day.

Most scholars are familiar with the Hebrew words appearing in the Greek and English Testaments, and easily recognize the Greek words that have found their way into the Book of Daniel and the Odes of Horace. As long as a language is organized in living tissues, it suffers a change as of *endosmosis* from simple contact with other tongues; and purists protest in vain against the infiltration of strange elements. In running our eye over the Glossary which Professor Sophocles has so laboriously prepared, we find many curious instances. The most frequent and obvious is the adoption of Latin words and phrases, chiefly official, and the reader is delighted to see old friends in new and rather troublesome disguises, as *κουαίστωρ*, *ἱμπεράτωρ*, *ράϊκτωρ*, *πάτρων*, *σενάτωρ*, *κουράτωρ*, and *μαίστωρ*; he finds that the conquerors brought with them the meaning of *ἰνστιτουτίων* and *κομμέρκιον*; that when turned Greeks, they still spoke in Roman phrase of their *μαϊώρης*, and cherished the *οὐετέρεμ μεμορίαμ* of the republic; that the *ἐξέρκικτος* (whether *ἐξτράνεοι* or *ἐξπεδίτοι*) still followed its *δούξ*, marched in *κούρτης*, and raised its *σίγνον*, and entrenched its *κάστρα*, while the sailors hoisted the *ἀλφὸν βῆλον* (*album velum*); that in the forum (*φόρος*) one might still hear discussed the *ἀννώνα*, and the *δατά* of *ταξατίων* on *δομέστικα φάβριξ*; that the law-courts still listened to the *δηλάτωρ* and the *δεφενσίων*, and judged of the *τεσάτωρ* and the *φουρκίφερ*; and that the youngest hope of the *φαμιλία* still bore the tender name of *ἱμφανς*. These are simply cases of change in alphabet, and illustrate that part of the Roman habit which remained unchanged.

Another example is of what we should take to be a sort of *euphuism* in the use of old vocables under new forms or senses, as *ἀμνηστία* for *forgetfulness* and also *pardon* (a sense as old as Plutarch), and *λυπέω* in the sense of *pity*. A large part of the Glossary is taken up with similar modifications of form or meaning. Then, as we verge towards the modern era, we notice the gradual alterations of syntax, after the analogy of other modern tongues, as where *θέλω* governs a direct accusative, and *μετὰ τοῦ* is used instead of the dative of instrument. These changes are fully exhibited in the Introduction. Sometimes a word is drawn queerly from its native sense, into some special use, — as *ἄλογον* (*brute*), which has quite displaced *ἵππος* in popular parlance, and *μυία* (*fly*, signifying the bolt or dart shot from an engine) has given us, being interpreted, the Italian *moschetto*, and the English *musket*. Sometimes a word suggests a choice bit of etymology, — unsuspected cousinships among the tongues; as *γούνα* (a fur robe) gives us the plain English *gown*; and we find, following from its Armenian source, that the *apricot* (early ripe) is a transmutation of *præcox*, *πραϊκόκιον*; the Oriental *κάλπις* suggests the Occidental *gallop*; and the Hellenic naturalist needs no translation of the great herds of our western *βίσσων*. Of modern words, with a mere fig-leaf of Greek orthography, are *βούκλα* (*buckle*),

σεργέντιος (*sergeant*), γαρδία (*guard*), γαρσονοστάσιον (station of a servant or *garçon*), σκλάβος (*slave*), and κονγκέστα (*conquest*); with the Latin words βίνον (*wine*), and βινεάριοι (*vineyards*), which seem to have quite crowded out the native forms of speech. To these we may add καφετήριον (*coffee-house*), and καπνοπωλείον (*cigar-shop*), i. e. where smoke is vended.

Occasionally a curious custom or superstition comes to light, as in the word πομπή (in its new sense of *disgrace*), since "the most popular mode of disgracing a man of rank was to put him on an ass with his back towards the head of the animal, and make him hold the tail by way of bridle"; and in the word ψοφῶ, *to perish* or *die* (like a brute), used by low people with reference to all the unbaptized races, "it being regarded by them as a species of blasphemy to say ἀπέθανε ὁ Τοῦρκος, and the like;" and in the use of ῥιπίδιον (*fly-brush*), which, being of constant service to protect the Eucharist from those troublesome creatures, came to have the mystic signification of *angel's wing*, possibly, to guard the elect from the assault of Beelzebub, the demon-god of flies. While a more formidable superstition is recorded under the word στοιχείον, the *genius loci* (such as Virgil describes under the form of a serpent, *Æn.* VII. 85 \*) to which "builders used to bury human beings alive under every important structure, as a propitiatory sacrifice," a crime for which the builder "was required to make three hundred genuflexions each day for twelve years by way of penance." This cruel superstition, of which we find proof also among the Hebrews in the case of that rebuilder of Jericho, who "laid the foundation thereof in Abiram, his first-born, and set up the gate thereof in his youngest son Segub," (1 Kings, xvi. 34,) is illustrated by a curious poem in Modern Greek (Glossary, p. 613), on the lovely bride whom a master-builder thus buried under the pier of a bridge.

Church customs and (no doubt) popular preachers have contributed a large number of fresh significations, as οἰκονομία in the sense of *alms*, πάρεδρος a *familiar* (dæmon), ἀπομίρισμα, *odor of sanctity* (the liquid exudation from sacred bones), τὸ ἀγαθόν, the *eucharist*, σῶμα, the *real presence* in the same, ἀνέσπερος ἡμέρα (*without evening*) for *day of judgment*, ἰνδουλγεντία, which needs no interpreting, and the convenient imprecation in the word θεοβύθιστος, "whom may God send to the bottom." A complete chapter of archæology is given under the word λειτουργία; and under μερίς we find the following, of "the portions of bread set apart by the priest, at the Eucharist, in honor of the saints. They are nine in number, the first of which is sacred to the Deipara, the second to John the Forerunner (Baptist), the third to the Prophets and the Apostles, the fourth to the great Teachers of the Church, the fifth to the Martyrs, the sixth to the Anchorites, the seventh to the Ἀνάργυροι [certain sainted healers of the sick.] the eighth to Joakim and Anna, the parents of the Deipara, the ninth to Chrysostom or Basil, according as the liturgy of the former or of the latter is used. In addition to these, there are μερίδες for the spiritual and everlasting good of all orthodox Christians, both living and dead."

\* The Glossary cites *Sophocles*, *Philoct.* 1328, and *Herodotus*, VIII. 41.

We have indicated some of the points of curiosity and interest in this noble and handsome volume. Of course, its chief value must be for special students, and its readers will be few. Yet the whole world of letters should acknowledge, as a public service, so much of diligent and scholarly toil bestowed as a labor of love, to aid the progress of sound learning, and contribute to our means of acquaintance with that tongue, which is at once the chief marvel and the most illustrious monument of the human faculty of speech.

THE monograph published \* by Professor Goodwin we have examined with peculiar satisfaction. It is altogether the handsomest specimen of the printer's art we have ever seen for a book of the kind, — in all externals, elegant enough for the most fastidious. Nor will any one be likely to complain that substance has been sacrificed for show. It is, indeed, a complete and exhaustive treatise upon its special topic, and that one of primary importance. Formerly it was considered enough if the pupil found in the grammars full paradigms, and in syntax a tolerably complete statement of the relations and dependence of cases. Of the philosophy and internal structure of the Greek language, — of radicals and their use in the formation of that marvellously copious vocabulary, — and especially of the verb, a familiar acquaintance with which is so essential to any due appreciation of the richness, flexibility, and infinite variety and strength of the Attic tongue, — of all this comparatively nothing was taught. But no teacher or scholar can hereafter be excusable for ignorance. Mr. Goodwin has given us the best results of his German training in patient fidelity to details, and of his own sound scholarship and careful thought in the rigid method, and clearness, and accuracy of statement, which mark the work throughout.

The general plan and arrangement are excellent, and the working up of details exact and complete. We have, indeed, occasionally thought, in examining the treatment of special topics, — for example, in the discussion of the *oratio obliqua* (§§ 13, 15, 21, 70, 73, etc.), — that it would be better if the whole subject were developed under a single head, so as to give a connected view of it in all its bearings. Still, as this is not a text-book for the inexperienced learner, but a book of reference for students already familiar with more elementary treatises, it is doubtless better to adhere strictly to the carefully matured plan.

We have been much pleased, too, with the clear and well-chosen language used throughout the book, so different from the vague form of words under which the meaning is often concealed in similar works. A rule need seldom be read more than once to catch its purport. Mr. Goodwin's skill is especially seen in the ease with which, in a few neatly-worded sentences, he disentangles the intricacies of some difficult subject, and makes all plain. We would especially refer to his treatment of the important subject of the aorist, the particle *ἄν*, indirect quotations and indirect questions, conditional sentences, and the use of the optative.

---

\* Syntax of the Moods and Tenses of the Greek Verb. By W. W. GOODWIN, Ph. D. Cambridge: Sever and Francis. 1860.



The work is unusually rich in illustrative examples drawn from a large variety of authors. This is a very important feature; for it requires much judgment and care to select such examples as shall at once most aptly and most variously illustrate the several principles. We have found them in all cases judiciously chosen, and in most cases carefully translated, serving as illustrations and models of every kind, both for reading and writing Greek.

To the number of excellent manual Greek Grammars already in use, an addition has been made by Professor Hadley \* of Yale College. The merits of it, apparent on a brief examination, are, its extremely neat, compact, and readable style of typography, its clear and admirable arrangement, especially of the paradigms of verbs, the fulness of its treatment of syntax and prosody, and its practice of giving full translations in English of all its Greek citations, which are very numerous. It deals a good deal less with philosophical principles and philological fancies than Crosby's Grammar, which in size and style it most resembles. For purely didactic purposes this seems to us an improvement, though less interesting and suggestive to the advanced scholar. Much to the pupil's convenience and relief of utterance, it adopts *λίω* as the leading example of verbal inflection; and its arrangement of tense-systems will be found a great help in studying that most subtle and characteristic feature of the tongue. It is "founded on the *Griechische Schulgrammatik* of GEORG CURTIUS, Professor in the University of Kiel"; but embodies, besides, the results of independent study in comparative philology, as well as in the special literature of its subject.

WE have received the sheets of a volume which will add another to the long series of attempts to simplify the pupil's introduction to Latin.† The exercises, alternately in English and Latin, are on the general plan now almost always followed, and space is saved by constant reference to the Grammar most widely accepted as the standard. Lesson I., we think, overlooks the extreme difficulty an ordinary scholar must find in grappling at once with all the roots and inflections of a Latin verb. It assumes, in fact, a groundwork equivalent to at least two weeks' study. With this qualification the plan seems excellent, and the fair, clear page is very attractive. We are glad to find a few samples of lively dialogue among the reading lessons. Corderius and Erasmus have given way too entirely to Julius Cæsar, in the shaping of our first notions of that great dialect. The times will not come round again, when a Scaliger got his wonderful mastery of it as a living tongue, at his father's knee. But something may be done to relieve the leanness and hardness of our school-boy erudition, and we welcome the example given here. The

\* A Greek Grammar for Schools and Colleges. By JAMES HADLEY. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

† A Handbook of Exercises and Reading Lessons in Latin, for Beginners. By JAMES MORRIS WHITON, Rector of Hopkins Grammar School, New Haven. Boston: James Munroe & Co.

Notes seem full enough, and aim almost exclusively at familiarity with the grammar. The Vocabulary is uncommonly ample and varied for a work of this class; and calls attention, in bold type, to the most important and familiar English derivations from Latin. A brief account of Cato the elder, and the Life of Hannibal by Cornelius Nepos, with the dialogues we have referred to, make up the reading lessons.

#### GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

DR. KRAPF's eighteen years' residence in the field of his missionary labor, if constant travel can be called residence, entitles him to speak with authority upon Eastern Africa.\* No other of recent explorers has had this advantage. His artless narrative proves him, too, a man singularly enduring, indefatigable, resolute, intrepid, fond of loneliness, exposure, difficulty, strange dialects, and peril of life. Moreover, approaching very near to Anderson's and Livingstone's explorations on the south, and Barth's on the west, he nearly completes our knowledge of this least-visited continent. His discoveries have a wider interest than their relation to English Church Missions. He happens upon traces of a pigmy race, the Dokos, so profoundly savage as to be destitute of disease, of marriage, of clothing, of houses, of weapons, and of government, yet not without some idea of a God. Dr. Krapf's strange view that a nation's degradation helps its reception of the Gospel, did not, however, secure these ant-eaters the advantage of a visit. Next, he encounters thousands of Mohammedans, exceedingly anxious to extirpate Christians, as hostile to their profitable trade in slaves, which they seem to be pursuing with the utmost zeal. And last, his meetings with various friendly tribes superior to the natives of the coast, inhabiting cool, healthful, productive districts, in a semi-civilization, alike promising to commerce and Christianity, make the staple of his instructive volume.

As usual, the accompanying map gives hardly any assistance, having but few of the places with which the narrative makes us acquainted. Kegnia, a mountain perpetually topped with snow, was seen by his associate missionary, November, 1849, thirty-six leagues from the seaport, Mombaz. On his second journey to the Ukambani, the same clergyman slept at the base of this mountain, and saw the snow distinctly by moonlight. Ndsharo, the English of which is Mount of Whiteness, or Libanon, is the name of another snow-mountain, where a native expedition suffered severely with cold, and brought away some silvery earth, which, to their astonishment, melted and ran away. In relation to the real source of the Nile, this snow-mountain lies in the region of Captain Speke's Lake Victoria, and supplies it with water; so that, as far as the missionaries' observations extend, they confirm the recent discovery of the principal supply of the great river of Egypt from this grand lake.

In the immediate establishment of Christian institutions, Dr. Krapf

---

\* Travels, Researches, and Missionary Labors during an Eighteen Years' Residence in Eastern Africa. By REV. J. L. KRAPF. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860.

seems to have generally failed. The Gallas proved hostile. Abessinians (we give his spelling) was closed against his labors. A single convert at his favorite station of Rabbai Mpia, the establishment of connected missionary posts, the distribution of Bibles in the native tongue, the announcement to various chiefs of future Christian missions, seem to be the limit of his effort. Excepting the importance he attaches to a missionary's being married and presenting the picture of a Christian family, Dr. Krapf differs from the more celebrated missionary, Livingstone, in believing that our religion can be propagated without the aid of our civilization. When the Abessinian mission has to be abandoned without any apparent results for many years' labor, he comforts himself with having distributed nearly eight thousand copies of the Scriptures, without any misgiving of their having been employed, as some later traveller has stated, for extemporaneous snuff-boxes.

Dr. Krapf's word sustains the common denial of the Gospel's needing assistance from the civilization it has developed and is perfecting. Dr. Krapf's experience contradicts his printed opinion. Livingstone says expressly, "Sending the Gospel to the heathen must include much more than a man going about with a Bible under his arm," — an exact picture of this eighteen years' unsuccessful laborer. In his valuable contribution to these Travels, Rev. Mr. Rebmann yields the point in question, when he writes that "these tribes, at once sensual and destitute of all the conveniences of life, should have Christianity presented to them not only in sermons and teaching, but realized and embodied. People out here do not believe us when we tell them that our country is so much better cultivated than theirs; that, with us, oxen and cattle are used in the tillage of the soil. Christian families with well-nurtured children, are the tools which are chiefly needed for missionary work in Eastern Africa."

In his second journey to the interior of the country, Ukambani, Dr. Krapf undergoes fearful sufferings. His guides are murdered or dispersed; his provisions are stolen and destroyed; his gun even is broken; his own destruction seems to be certain; he is obliged to fly as well as he can at night, and night after night, alone, amongst wild beasts, with little water, and no food but roots and leaves, under the expectation that the tribe through whom alone he could escape, would make way with him for not protecting their favorite chief, the leader of his party. When even the roar of the lion is music to his ears, and the rustling of the rhinoceros a relief, because they show that water is at hand, and that the savage is far away, we have the most vivid picture language can give of the dread of the uncivilized native felt by the unprotected, civilized foreigner.

INDEFATIGABLE Dr. Bowring's Visit to the Philippine Islands \* is chiefly remarkable for exhibiting the Spanish government's imbecility in a particularly glaring light. Inexhaustibly productive as these islands

---

\* A Visit to the Philippine Islands. By SIR JOHN BOWRING, LL. D., F. R. S. London. 1859.



are of the most precious metals, of invaluable gums, of precious woods, of the famous Manilla hemp and equally famous Manilla cheroots, under the most stupid mismanagement these richest island-spots in the known world have nearly run to waste. Protection, monopoly, absurd taxation, perpetual meddling with everything, has made the government an unspeakable nuisance. At one time, a law was in force that no vessel should be permitted to enter from China which did not bring five hundred birds of a species known to wage war upon certain insect pests. The regulation was too absurd ever to be enforced. Not a "shrike" was brought, and yet the commerce went on. Had it been a pair of birds, for which the Spanish officers would pay a handsome sum, the islands would gradually have been supplied. But these antiquated restrictions are gradually giving way; and as a consequence, every year is adding to the commerce, manufactures, agriculture, and population of the Philippines. Part of that wonderful Chinese exodus, caused by over-population, is in this direction. Imperfect at present, because for temporary profit alone, and unattended by women, at no distant day it will put forth unexpected power, to the benefit of two neighboring regions, relieving one of that condition in which population has outgrown the means of comfortable support, and reclaiming in the other vast regions of fertile territory, now condemned to waste their treasures on the barren air.

MR. OLMSTEAD'S "Journey in the Back Country"\* is the conclusion of his very valuable series, "Our Slave States." And, whether for interest to the reader or profit to the thinker, it is a worthy companion of the other two volumes upon the Seaboard Slave States and Texas. It renews their charm of pleasant narrative and brisk story-telling, and continues their important instruction in that matter upon which our country so much needs true and discreet teaching from its lovers. Like its predecessors, it proves how the same book may join the amusement of a summer day's reading, and, what is more to the purpose, the weighty stuff of long and earnest thought.

Mr. Olmstead's humor and quick sense of the ludicrous furnish the amusement in his book. His travels lead him among queer people and into many laughable adventures, and he makes the most of them. The reader catches the spirit of the fun, and makes merry with the writer over the mother-wit and uncouth ways and nasal twang of the Captain, Mr. S., and Yazoo. The myriad discomforts and annoyances of travel in an out-of-the-way and semi-barbarous region are all made to turn their funny side out. From the abundant furnishing of the book one might select enough to make a volume of "Laughs for the Long-favored," or "Funny Felicities."

The fun, however, does not take from the serious purpose of the book. It only relieves what indeed were otherwise too grave and sad in the clear presentation of the great evil and wrong, which includes in itself so much of all that is shameful and dangerous to our country.

---

\* A Journey in the Back Country. By FREDERICK LAW OLMSTEAD. New York: Mason Brothers.

It is a presentation not less calm and judicious than clear. It is entirely free from fanatical haste and heat. Somewhat too cold, some may think it, with such incentive to burning words. Such, however, do not fit Mr. Olmstead's plan in this, any more than in the preceding volumes. He wisely leaves them, with the enthusiasm which begets them, where they belong, and are useful or required. Not that it is anywhere doubtful which way his sympathies are, or that the impulse is wanting which might prompt them. His book is all the more powerful because of this reticence from warm-hearted exhortation and hot rebuke. They do not come within his scope, which is to tell a plain story of his experience while travelling in slave territory and collecting damnatory facts of slave economy. And his argument from facts is the needful supplement to the great argument from religious principle, and to the fine persuasions of generous sentiment. With the high conclusions of the ideal Christian practice, it is worth while to join considerations of political and economic practicability. All arguments are suitable here. When one fails, another may apply. Everything is fair in the war with slavery. And the greater modes of attack need not despise the aid of smaller devices against the enemy.

To call the book a destroyer of fallacies, may tell its excellence in a word. Its writer is a man after Mr. Carlyle's own heart, in his quiet stripping off of shams, and his firm belief in the "all-devouring fact." He puts an end to the fraudulent sentimentalisms and affectations which have gathered about this matter of slavery, and make the argument for it seem made up mainly with equal terms of nonsense and iniquity. The assumption of superior refinement and high-breeding arising from "the habit of command" nurtured by it, and of greater hospitality and a finer way of living found in the house of its friends (unless in peculiarly favored circles), is met by the fatal denials of a long and wide contrary experience. And, further and better, that supreme fallacy of slavery as a blessed missionary work of Christianity, finds here the impudent conceit taken out of it by proof of a type of religion prevailing where this great mission spreads its peculiar virtue, hardly more humane and elevating than the heathendom from which it claims to have saved its professors and votaries.

The book needs no recommendation, though it invites a much larger notice and praise than can here be given: It is sure to make its way, or rather to have its way in the good cause, with all the other arguments now brought to bear against American slavery, whether of righteous appeal or of destructive fact.

As a set-off to Mr. Olmstead's keen observation and pleasant storytelling, we have an extremely rose-colored view of a residence in the "Sunny South,"\* purporting to embrace "Five Years' Experience of a Northern Governess in the Land of the Sugar and the Cotton." Every *bona fide* contribution of fact is to be welcomed, especially on a matter where judgment is so perplexed by sectional sympathies and political

\* The Sunny South; or, The Southerner at Home. Philadelphia: G. G. Evans.

animosities. The value of these letters depends solely on their being, what they profess to be, the honest record of a real experience. As literary compositions, they are wordy and extravagant trash. But as light, gossip letters, written veritably amidst the scenes which they describe, they are sufficiently amusing, lively, picturesque, brimful of incidents trifling in themselves, but all the better as illustrating the course of every-day life in a Southern home. Nothing can be more filmily and transparently superficial than its views of things, both what it loves and what it hates; but for just what it pretends to be, — a summer-day surface-picture, by an ardent graduate of some "university for maidens," — we give it greeting in all good-will.

## NOVELS AND TALES.

IF "Fifth Thousand," prefixed to a volume of sermons, is a satisfactory rejoinder to all exposures of bad scholarship, bad logic, carelessness of statement, and unjust insinuation, much more may the piratical novelist of the Episcopal Church parade the immense sale of his romances as "my answer to my critics." No matter where or how often the inaccuracies and absurdities of these profane travesties of Scripture are brought to the light, — the steady demand is a reason for the fresh supply. Among all its rhetorical recruits, the Episcopal Church has gained no "Professor" whose works can have a reputation or a sale to compare with the works of Professor Ingraham. He has catered for the public taste long enough to know that comparatively few care to read theological arguments, and that the most ingenious recasting of the faith of the early Church will interest a far smaller class than those who demand a more French style of fiction. Instead of fixing upon Origen and Tertullian and Clement and Paul dogmas which they never taught, he prefers to construct anew the language and the lives of more familiar Scripture characters, to adapt Moses and David and Jesus to the wants of the reading public of the nineteenth century; — as he modestly remarks, to "invest with interest" the histories of the Bible, and "to present them to the imagination of the devout reader." He certainly does "invest" these Jews of the Bible with that "interest" which belongs to the "Wandering Jew" of Eugene Sue, and he presents them to the reader's imagination in the style of Lalla Rookh and the Arabian Nights.

The volume before us\* is the third of Mr. Ingraham's Biblical extravaganzas. It will be less popular, we think, than its predecessors, not because it is less reckless in its dealings with facts, persons, places, and

---

\* The Throne of David, from the Consecration of the Shepherd of Bethlehem to the Rebellion of Prince Absalom. Being an Illustration of the Splendor, Power, and Dominion of the Reign of the Shepherd, Poet, Warrior, King, and Prophet, Ancestor and Type of Jesus: in a Series of Letters addressed by an Assyrian Ambassador, resident at the Court of Saul and David, to his Lord and King on the Throne of Nineveh; wherein the Glory of Assyria, as well as the Magnificence of Judea, is presented to the Reader as by an Eyewitness. By the Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM, LL.D., Author of "The Prince of the House of David," and of "The Pillar of Fire." Philadelphia: G. G. Evans. 1860. 12mo. pp. 603.



history, but because there is less of "love story" in it. The tender passion has much less prominence here than it had in the first novel, where amatory experiences were invented for the friends of the Saviour. There is rather a tendency to avoid those details of carnal love of which the annals of the Hebrew kings furnish such an abundant supply. Prince Arbaces of Assyria is considerably smitten with the daughter of the governor of Jericho, who turns out to be a princess in her own right; and there is a spasmodic attempt to get up a little sentiment about the Princess Michal and her boy-lover. Mr. Ingraham is inspired to tell some things concerning this affair which do not agree with the statements of the Bible. He finds it, however, rather an embarrassing theme, and rather lets it drop after a few letters.

The scope of this new sacred romance is exceedingly vast. No work of fiction which has ever come under our notice covers so large a tract of history. It takes in the whole interval from the death of Moses to the death of Absalom, more than 550 years by any reckoning. The period of the Judges, to be sure, is rapidly passed over, and a few chasms perplex the reader; but Mr. Ingraham has great facility in leaping chasms, and gets his story on from Joshua to Saul with pleasing adroitness, managing to throw out numerous "improvements," as he sails over these ages in his painted balloon. He leaves this portion of Scripture "Ingrahamized," as all the other portions which he has touched. Of this writer we may say that he not only "adorns," but "transmutes," all that he touches. The force of his embellishment, however, is reserved for the reigns of Saul and David, and the views which he gives of the courts and the style of these primitive kings entirely correct the false notion which the Books of Samuel would give to a common reader. Their splendor and glory, if not their righteousness, is vindicated.

It is very agreeable to have so fine a portrait of Samuel as Mr. Ingraham has given us. The "awful eyebrows, stiff and black as night, not a single hair turned gray thereon," the "imperious eyes," the "high, arched nose," the "blue cap on his head," his crimson robe, and the "sort of carved throne,"—all these details help to fill out the lamentable meagreness of the Scripture narrative. Samuel's *Library*, too, was one of those fine collections which the scholar must ever regret. It contains (p. 130) "copies of nearly all the books ever written in the known world: Egyptian, Assyrian, Phœnician, Indic, Arabian, Babylonian, and parchments from the land of Tarshish in the farthest East and from the isles of Grecia in the farthest West." It is also satisfactory to have the critical question of the authorship of the Book of Ruth definitely settled. "*David* wrote it," we are told, in his nineteenth year, to preserve the genealogy of the family!

David's challenge to the giant is dramatic;—yet here we have a fuller account, and see "the young champion," like a knight of the Middle Age, "stoop and lift the iron gauntlet from the ground, and throw it down derisively and walk over it." The trophies which David brings back from Ekron are one hundred *heads* of the Philistines, which is certainly a novel rendering of the Hebrew. The connection between

Jonathan and David is very different from that given by the Biblical writer; and David's relation to his wives is very much "improved." The treacherous behavior of David to Nabal is called by Mr. Ingraham "an interesting incident," and the fact that David took back Michal, having *six other wives* already, "reflects upon him the highest honor, and is singularly creditable to the tenderness and devotion of his heart."

We read of "Saul's phylactery," which he wore bound upon his wrist; and of the extraordinary Indian costume of Prince Ishbosheth, "on whose wrist was perched a beautiful Arabian *bulbul*, which he was teaching to imitate a warlike air he was whistling to it," said Prince being represented in Mr. Ingraham's story as utterly unwarlike and effeminate, — amusing himself constantly with singing girls, who enchant him by their "*trills*;" — and much more of this sort. On p. 594, Mr. Ingraham rather intimates that he writes by inspiration. "If there is romance discoverable in this book, it is not of the author's creation."

The honest, decent, and ingenious, if not always just, criticisms upon the Biblical narratives, which have come in these latter years from German and English scholars, are stigmatized in the religious journals as "infidel" and impious. Yet these same journals do not hesitate to advertise and commend a series of works, which for blasphemous abuse of the Scripture exceed any production of the most extreme rationalism. Sunday-school Libraries and Christian homes are supplied with these profane burlesques of the Bible, and the ministers say, Amen. To suggest a new *translation* of the Scriptures is dangerous heresy; but let Mr. Ingraham continue to weave from them his motley fictions and disguise them in his coat of many colors. Let the critics carp! The book *sells*! "This is my answer to my critics."

IN spite of crudeness, improbabilities, and bibliolatry, "The Sisters of Soleure" \* is an interesting tale, wrought up with considerable power. Its pictures are well drawn, its characters distinct and positive, and its ground tone is sincerely religious. It attempts to show the spirit of the Roman Church in the age of persecution; and by no means overstates the iniquities of that Church in zeal for the Reformed faith. The conversions, perhaps, occur somewhat too hastily; and *love*, on both sides, makes rather a more prominent element than may seem to us fitting in so grave a matter. Yet conversions wrought by *love* are more respectable than many which come ostensibly from the flimsy sectarian pleading which it is customary for Evangelical books to employ. The charms of Marie were really a better argument for the winning of the priest Bernau from his Catholic faith, than the pious sophistries of the good Protestant pastor, who would spurn the idea that *works* have anything to do with justification. The initials of the title-page give us no clew to the author; but we should judge her to be a young, though not exactly an unpractised writer, and probably a Sunday-school teacher in some Orthodox church. We say "*her*," since the descriptions of the details of the ladies' dresses indicate the sex of the writer.

\* The Sisters of Soleure. A Tale of the Sixteenth Century. By C. S. W. Concord: Edson C. Eastman. 1860. 16mo. pp. 272.

THAT the respectable publishing house of the Appletons should have risked their credit by issuing such unmitigated trash as "The Ebony Idol,"\* may well amaze the reading public. Who the "New England Lady" is that has disgraced herself by writing this feeble burlesque upon the Anti-slavery movement and cause, we are not told, and we do not care to know. If she is wise, she will keep the secret. Her book has no merit in any kind. Its fine sentences are inflated verbiage; its attempts at wit are fearful; not one of its characters is drawn with any distinctness; and where it is not silly, it is profane and disgusting. The scenes are as absurd as the events are improbable. No amount of newspaper puffing can make such stuff as this popular. Pro-slavery literature like this will hardly offset the volumes of Mrs. Stowe, and Abolitionists can ask nothing better than that the efforts of their enemies may take this shape. The few illustrations which garnish the pages are in keeping with the composition. It is rare that a book has come under our notice so thoroughly foolish in style, thought, plan, execution, and spirit, with absolutely no redeeming feature.

JUST now, when Spain is about to be restored, by solemn vote, to a rank among "the Great Powers" of Europe, and we hear from day to day of her new military prestige, her duplicated commerce, and the prosperity of her manufactures, it is pleasant to refute the fallacy we have cherished so long, that Spanish is, to all literary intents and purposes, a dead language. It is pleasant to have something to show, beyond the old-fashioned fun of Cervantes, which gets a little stale and dreary, or the vigorous verbosity of Lope de Vega, or the pious and tender fancies of the "Floresta," to illustrate the powers of so noble a tongue, and to reinstate the old Castilian in its place of honor and popularity. The series of tales whose general title we give below† supplies a want which readers and teachers of Spanish must have often felt. The first thought that occurs is a sort of refreshment and gladness at this revival. Presently we find that Fernan Caballero is a lady, — as indeed the tone of the narrative would betray, if we knew it in no other way. But we are really a little surprised, and the tone of our congratulations is a little abated, when we are told that she is a German lady! and that this restoration is only another of the triumphs of that cosmopolitan tongue, which is going through the process of assimilating and reproducing every known literature, from Ormuz and the Ind to the Straits of Hercules. German by birth, the writer is however a Spaniard of the Spaniards in national feeling and faith, having lived, indeed, from early childhood among the scenery and customs and traditions of the Peninsula. The tone is even intensely and fondly national. No word or phrase that we can recall indicates any association or affection — except for sundry literary allusions, we were going to add any knowledge of anything — outside that southwest bastion of Europe and its dependencies. For local interest, and popular feeling, for racy and

\* The Ebony Idol. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860. 12mo. pp. 283.

† Relaciones por Fernan Caballero. Madrid: Francisco de P. Mellado.



idiomatic phrase, for a certain provincial fondness and pride in custom, scenery, and mood of thought, for sympathy with the tone of current religious emotion and belief, apparently sincere, which represents the better and gentler faith of Catholicism,—for all these qualities the tales we have read of the series are very charming. One is a story of retribution long deferred, — its scene lying first among the peasantry of the country lying back of Cadiz, where the rather crusty humor, the blunt proverbial wit, and the moralizing temper native to Spain are very skilfully exhibited; and then proceeding with the fortunes of a showy and ambitious but profligate adventurer, whose crime confronts him suddenly, and blasts him at the summit of his ambition. Another is of "The Daughter of the Sun," a bride of dazzling beauty, who is almost beguiled into a criminal attachment to a showy young officer, and is rescued by a strange scene of his assassination by robbers in her presence and burial by her own hands, — "a veritable miracle," vouched as a well-attested fact, — when she confesses herself to her husband, receives his forgiveness, and retires to a convent. The plot of most of these tales is simple, and the narrative brief. Except for the difficulty of idioms and allusions here and there, they are a timely relief to the dulness of the standard reading lessons, and deserve a careful selecting and editing for the uses of our higher schools.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

M. ABOUT has followed his brilliant essay upon the Roman Question by two more political pamphlets, which have made some stir in the Parisian world. The first of these, entitled the "New Map of Europe,"\* is a witty extravaganza, in which he expresses his opinion concerning the desirable and possible readjustment of European and Eastern nationalities. The Pope is to go to Jerusalem with Cardinal Antonelli and live in a quiet cottage there. The Sultan is to retire to Mecca, and content himself with pipes and siestas. The Greek Empire is to be restored, with Constantinople for a capital. Italy is to become a united kingdom, with the popular sovereign of Sardinia for head, Venice being surrendered by Austria; which Empire, indeed, is to become stronger by divesting itself of all its troublesome and turbulent dependencies, Hungary and Galicia as well as Venice. Russia is to have the Caucasus and all the barbarous part of the Turkish Empire. Poland is to be reorganized as an independent state; and in return for the sacrifice which Prussia makes in giving up her share of that realm, she is to absorb all the smaller German dukedoms. England is to have Egypt, exchanging for this her possessions in the Mediterranean. And France, strong in her own consciousness of strength, asks nothing, wants no more territory, but will take, if desired, the small and affiliated kingdom of Belgium. Such is the result of the pleasant colloquy which the representatives of the various nations, America with the rest, hold over

---

\* *La Nouvelle Carte d'Europe.* Par EDMOND ABOUT. 8vo. pp. 31. — *La Prusse en 1860.* Par EDMOND ABOUT. 8vo. pp. 32. Paris: E. Dentu. 1860.

their brandy in the Hotel du Louvre. The whole is done in M. About's best style, and if not very convincing as argument, is very pleasant to read.

The other pamphlet is less spicy. Its general purpose is to persuade Prussia that France is friendly, and has no sinister design against her territories. It has a tone which indicates dictation from some higher authority, and we are inclined to credit the popular report that, while the language is M. About's, the ideas are those of the French Emperor. It would convince the ruler of Prussia that it is time to unite the several German states under one government, which shall rest on popular suffrage; and that Prussia, rather than Austria, should be the power to gather these states together. Lacking M. About's usual fun, it has still his inevitable point and strength of expression, and is worth reading.

WERE it not presumptuous to speak of compensations for great disasters, or to attempt to strike the exact balance between the good and evil in them, a great deal might be said in that vein of last winter's calamity at Lawrence. Ministrations of charity, in every form, manifestations of heroism, courage, self-sacrifice, quick sympathy, wise and thoughtful tenderness, relieve the agonizing spectacle of physical suffering, and the desolations of bereavement, to an extent to make us almost doubt whether the event should, as a whole and finally, be regarded as a *calamity* at all. This pamphlet\* — so interesting for what it modestly tells, and the more it suggests — certainly raises such a doubt. As the history of the catastrophe was reported from day to day, we felt that there was in it evidence of a singular absence of panic and confusion, and a singular presence of calmness, sound judgment, and practical wisdom controlling and directing humane and benevolent feeling. Our impression, it seems, was correct, — as every reader of this Report will confess. One hardly knows which deserves most admiration, — the benevolence which placed such abundant means in the hands of the committee, or the good sense and excellent discretion shown by that body in the discharge of their duties. Amidst the solemnity and sadness of their work, there is a steady restraint upon sensibility, — all the more obvious because thus subdued, — and a clear, undisturbed, sagacious intelligence, an ability to plan and execute, which remind us of the self-possession of the surgeon, when his untrembling hand guides his knife close to the hair-breadth line that separates life from death, or that of the ship-master, who retains all his faculties, and exhibits all his resources and skill, when the storm is wrecking or the fire burning his doomed vessel. A hint of how much was done, and how well done, may be gained from a single paragraph, — the only quotation we have room for.

“Here is a catastrophe, instantaneous and unforeseen, by which eighty or ninety lives are lost, some three hundred persons wounded, and nearly a thousand families deprived of their daily means of subsistence. No waves of the Atlan-

---

\* Report of the Treasurer of the Committee of Relief for the Sufferers by the Fall of the Pemberton Mill, in Lawrence, Mass., on the 10th of January, 1860. Lawrence. pp. 51.

tic swallow up, hush, and conceal this mass of human suffering, but visibly, palpably, audibly, in its whole extent, it strikes full upon the senses. A few hours pass, and relief arrives from every quarter. Within three days the city has been canvassed, the list of the injured and the dead very nearly completed. A committee, self-appointed, has met and organized a system of inspection and relief, assumed the responsibility of its management, and within six days the Inspectors, fully installed in their office, are regularly visiting and relieving all within their respective districts, their duties defined, their reports regularly brought in, accountability in money transactions provided for, and the whole working harmoniously and efficiently. In two days more a Hospital, called by the better name of 'Home,' is prepared for those who have no other home; and in less than two weeks from the day of the disaster, the announcement is publicly made that enough from abroad has been received, that charity, if left to its own impulses, would be too profuse to be wise, and that its hand must be stayed, or directed to other necessities." — p. 11.

THE associations which belong to a book of devotion, and especially to a hymn-book, are slow to gather and slow to change. We own to a regret which we have often felt, that there has not been some one among the numerous collections of that class in our American churches, if not to take the place of the Book of Common Prayer in the Episcopal communion, at least to be what Martineau's has been in England, something approaching to a standard widely and voluntarily received. At one time Greenwood's collection was very near occupying this place; and the fiftieth edition,\* just published, seems to show that it at least holds its own with every rival, and is likely to have a renewal of its former favor. Intrinsically it may be no better, perhaps not so good, as some of them. But it has been known for qualities which some have too easily parted with, — absence of mere sentimentalism and prettiness, and purity of text. Rarely, and by a delicate hand, a needful alteration can be made, to preserve a hymn to the uses of those whose belief or whose taste is jarred by its original form. No purist, for example, would hesitate to accept the common reading in place of George Herbert's, —

"Who sweeps a room, as for thy cause,  
Makes that, and the action, fine."

And no recurring to the elder text has displaced the noble line,

"Before Jehovah's awful throne."

But we wish to take occasion of this new testimony to the general excellence of Greenwood's collection, to protest against the needless and injurious alterations which have almost crowded the true reading out of the memory of large numbers. In one of the most popular works of this class, the Cheshire collection, we have marked the following, all of which seem to us very unfortunate and wrong.

In hymn 186, we have the quite needless alteration,

"Boundless love, through Christ, I find,"

instead of "in Thee."

In hymn 232,

"O God, make bare thy arm,"

in place of the Scriptural "The Lord makes bare his arm."

---

\* A Collection of Psalms and Hymns for Christian Worship. Fiftieth Edition. Boston: Swan, Brewer, and Tileston. (With a new Appendix, of 173 hymns.)



In the beautiful hymn (290) beginning "Our blest Redeemer," — no one word of which could be spared or altered but for the worse, — one verse is marred by the simple substitution of the harsh "breeze" for the tender phrase "*breath of even*."

Hymn 406 is but a mangled fragment of one of the exquisite hymns of Charles Wesley, one of the most perfect as a composition, and one of the tenderest as a chapter of the spiritual life, ever written. It begins with altering its key-note in the very first word, — "O God my strength," instead of "My God ;" and in the fourth line, "And know thou hearest prayer," instead of "my prayer." Three fifths of the entire hymn being omitted, we have at length the abrupt "Lord, let me still abide ;" and for its pure and lovely close,

"Till thou my patient spirit guide  
Into thy perfect love,"

the stale phrase "to better worlds above" !

In hymn 297 the beautiful Scripture reference, "The book unfold, unloose the seals," is lost in

"Make me delight to do thy will ;"

the first line also being altered for the worse.

And the chain of old association is painfully jarred in John Newton's hymn, 714, where in the last stanza we have,

"Bless thy word to old and young,"

(instead of "young and old,") for the sake of rhyming ill with

"And when life's short *race is run*,"

and so losing the solemnity of that Psalm, — "We spend our years as a tale that is told."

These may seem very slight and captious criticisms. Perhaps a generation bred to the altered reading, or forgetful of the delicacy of association in the words of Scripture and of public devotion, will not feel the force of them. But the words distress and irritation are not too strong to express the emotion that rises in the place of reverence and composure, as the eye falls on some such phrase as we have quoted. We greet with all joy a new edition of a book which has never been charged at least with this grave offence to the thoughts that belong to worship. And we entreat both editors and publishers, who deal with so much that is sensitive and sacred in this regard, to preserve — and, where it is possible, restore — the words consecrated by generations of Christian use.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

### THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

The Rock of Ages ; or, Scripture Testimony to the One Eternal Godhead of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. By E. H. Bickersteth. With an Introduction by F. D. Huntington. Boston : E. P. Dutton. 12mo. pp. 214.

The Words of Jesus. Boston : E. P. Dutton. 32mo. pp. 128.

A Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews. By Moses Stuart. Edited and Revised by R. D. C. Robbins. 4th Edition. Andover : W. F. Draper. 12mo. pp. 575.

Thoughts in Aid of Faith, gathered chiefly from Recent Works in Theology and Philosophy. By Sara S. Hennell. London: George Manwaring. 12mo. pp. 413. (Noticed, p. 280.)

Prolegomena Logica; an Inquiry into the Psychological Character of Logical Processes. By Henry Longueville Mansel. From the Second English Edition, corrected and enlarged. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 291.

#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Autobiographical Recollections. By the late Charles Robert Leslie, R. A. Edited by Tom Taylor, Esq. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 363. (Reviewed, p. 218.)

Memorials of Thomas Hood, collected, arranged, and edited by his Daughter, with a Preface and Notes by his Son. Illustrated with Copies from his own Sketches. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 310, 327. (To be noticed.)

A Missionary among Cannibals; or, The Life of John Hunt. By G. S. Rowe. New York: Carlton and Porter. 16mo. pp. 286.

Life of William T. Porter [Editor of "Porter's Spirit of the Times"]. By Francis Brinley. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 275. (Including a history of the American "Turf," and a chapter on Angling.)

The Queens of Society. By Grace and Philip Wharton. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 488.

#### GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

A Journey in the Back Country. By Frederick Law Olmstead. New York: Mason Brothers. 12mo. pp. 492. (See p. 301.)

A Run through Europe. By Erastus C. Benedict. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 552.

Echoes of Europe; or, Word-Pictures of Travel. By E. K. Washington. Philadelphia: James Challen and Son. 12mo. pp. 697.

The Sunny South; or, The Southerner at Home, embracing Five Years' Experience of a Northern Governess in the Land of the Sugar and the Cotton. Edited by Prof. J. H. Ingraham. Philadelphia: G. G. Evans. 12mo. pp. 526. (See p. 302.)

Appleton's Companion Hand-Book of Travel, containing a full Description of the principal Cities, Towns, and Places of Interest, &c. through the United States and the Canadas. New York: D. Appleton & Co. pp. 285.

#### NOVELS AND TALES.

Castle Richmond. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 474.

Lovell the Widower. A Novel. By W. M. Thackeray. With Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo. pp. 60. (Paper.)

Jack Hopeton; or, The Adventures of a Georgian. By William M. Turner. New York: Derby and Jackson. 12mo. pp. 364.

The Ebony Idol. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 283. (See p. 306.)

Rosa; or, The Parisian Girl. From the French of Mme. de Pressensé. By Mrs. J. C. Fletcher. New York: Harper and Brothers. 16mo. pp. 371.

#### EDUCATION.

Course of Ancient Geography. Arranged with Special Reference to Convenience of Recitation. By H. I. Schmidt, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 328.

A Greek Grammar for Schools and Colleges. By James Hadley, Professor in Yale College. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 366. (See p. 298.)

Virgil's *Æneid*, with Explanatory Notes. By Henry S. Frieze, Professor of Latin in the State University of Michigan. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 598. (A handsome volume, very fully annotated, and passably illustrated by antique drawings.)

Harper's Greek and Latin Texts. Euripides, Vol. I.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

The New American Cyclopædia; a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Vol. X. Jerusalem — Macferrin. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 796.

The Mount Vernon Papers. By Edward Everett. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 490.

History, Theory, and Practice of the Electric Telegraph. By George B. Prescott. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 468.

The Adventures of James Capen Adams, Mountaineer and Grizzly-Bear Hunter of California. By Theodore H. Hittell. Illustrated. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 12mo. pp. 378.

A Man [or, the Higher Pleasures of the Intellect]. By Rev. J. D. Bell. Philadelphia: James Challen and Son. 12mo. pp. 462.

Studies in Animal Life. By George Henry Lewes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 16mo. pp. 146.

What may be learned from a Tree. By Harland Coultas. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 190.

Chambers's Encyclopædia. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. Part 18. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Church Choral Book, containing Tunes and Hymns for Congregational Singing, and adapted to Choirs and Social Worship. By B. F. Baker and J. W. Tufts. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 8vo. pp. 203. (A handsome and carefully prepared volume, containing 506 hymns, the melody at the head of the page, and the full harmony below. A few of the hymns and doxologies are Trinitarian; otherwise the selection is well made, and the adaptation generally excellent.)

Cassell's Popular Natural History, Part 6. New York: Cassell, Potter, and Galpin. 8vo. (Abundantly and well illustrated: the text agreeable and popular.)

Ida Randolph of Virginia; a Poem in Three Cantos. Philadelphia: Willis and Hazard. 12mo. pp. 60.

#### PAMPHLETS.

A Discourse preached in the West Church, on Theodore Parker. By C. A. Bartol. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. (By far the finest and most discriminating of the published discourses on the subject, and containing the needed vindication of the relation of the Unitarian clergymen of Boston towards Mr. Parker.)

Scriptural Evidence of the Deity of Christ. By Rev. David B. Ford. Andover: W. F. Draper. pp. 42. (From the Bibliotheca Sacra, July, 1860.)

Proceedings of the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of the Progressive Friends. New York: Oliver Johnson. pp. 64.

An Address delivered before the American Peace Society, in Park Street Church, Boston, May 28, 1860. By Samuel J. May. Boston: American Peace Society. pp. 24.

Report of the Treasurer of the Committee of Relief for the Sufferers by the Fall of the Pemberton Mill in Lawrence, Mass., on the 10th of January, 1860. Lawrence. pp. 51. (See p. 308.)

The Relation of the Sunday-School to the Church. By Rev. N. M. Williams. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. pp. 48. (Review of an Address by Prof. Huntington.)